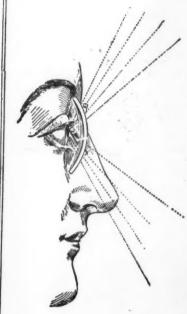
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ST. LOUIS

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS.

Cartoon: The Pied Piper	1
Looks Like Mr. Folk, of Missouri: By	
W. M. R	2-3
Million Club "Sees the Cat": By W. M. R	3
Reflections: The Case of Kiery-No More	
Squeamishness-God and Shoes-Damn-	
ing Oscar Deeper-Four Speeds Ahead	4-6
Kindly Caricatures: (72) Frederick Oakes	
Sylvester	6-7
The Pied Piper	7
Frederick Oakes Sylvester: Caricature by	
Albert Bloch	7
Blue Jay's Chatter	8-11
The Literary Dramshop: By W. H. M	11-12
Love in Rags and Tatters: By Nora Chesson	12
Dramatic	13
Politics in New York	13-14
The Stock Market	15-16
New Books	16

Looks Like Mr. Folk of Missouri

By W. M. R.

THE MIRROR thinks that the next Democratic nominee for President of the United States is very likely to be the Hon. Joseph Wingate Folk, of Missouri.

He represents an idea that is tangible—civic honesty: an idea that is practical,—control of trusts, monopolies and railroads by taxation that will get for the public its share in the values of their properties.

He comes from a doubtful State—for Missouri is a doubtful State.

The Mirror asked last week if Mr. Bryan's "receptors" were "handing him a lemon."

This week it looks as if Mr. Bryan had handed them a lemon. They are making wry faces.

It was splendid courage on Mr. Bryan's part to spring government ownership on the plutocratic gang that captured his reception. It was magnificent—all the more magnificent that it was not politics.

But it paralyzes conservative Democrats: that is to say the Wall street wing of the party. With that wing of the party goes the Solid South—where Socialism is a terrible bugaboo.

It "jolts" all the gang politicians in all the States, who looked to the interests to put up money two years hence to elect the "conservative" Mr. Bryan possibly over the "erratic" Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Bryan's -public ownership of railroads scheme is vague. It is so involved and difficult as to be practically inconceivable—this ownership of trunk lines by the National Government and of feeders by the States. Where do railroads confine themselves in one State?

Moreover, Mr. Bryan would give too much power to the Executive, over great corporations.

Mr. Bryan's plan is a sort of autocratic Socialism. The country gags at this: the politicians and the interests are aghast; capital is scared blue and green and yellow. The press shivers with dread. The people are frightened. At what? At the name—Socialism. At the dread of Nationalized railroads as a political machine. At the spectacle of a possible President with the right to bring up the operations of business with a short jerk.

Those capitalist politicians and their tools who were going to take up Mr. Bryan are now ready to drop him. He is too hot a proposition for them. They don't think Roosevelt is as dangerous as he was.

They see again that Bryan is as "unsafe" and "insane" as he was to their eyes in 1896. He warned them, but they didn't heed, that he was more radical than he had been.

It is to laugh. They gathered in Gotham to hand him a lemon and he forked out a bigger and sourer one than they could stomach.

Moneyed Democrats, machine Democrats, graft Democrats—they are all up in the air. Mr. Bryan has hoisted them. He wasn't their own petard, but they had borrowed him to blow up Rooseveltism.

These men, the gangs that rolled Mr. Bryan for Parker in 1904 are getting out of line with Bryan as fast as they can. They are saying that he has deliberately thrown the nomination away. That may be true, as they see it; but what he really did was to throw them overboard.

They tempted him with a mess of pottage, but he didn't eat.

He would not sell himself to them for office—all honor to him for it. His convictions are above his ambitions.

The politicians have begun to drop him; Bailey, John Sharpe Williams, all the Eastern men, all the editors of the big Democratic dailies.

They had picked him up to kill off Hearst and lo—he is as bad as Hearst.

The MIRROR told the big fellows this when first they talked of taking up Mr. Bryan to beat Hearst and Folk and Tom Johnson and the radicals.

The politicians organized the Bryan boom, They are now getting from under it. But Bryan has let loose something that will smash the party worse than ever.

Those who nominated Parker won't nominate Mr. Bryan. They will make other arrangements. They had no use for Mr. Bryan, save on the theory that the interests would support him to down Rooseveltism. Bryan has gone beyond Roosevelt. The interests are "backing water."

Secretary Walsh, resigning from his post with the National Committee, says that body is controlled by the tools of Trusts and special interests and that the party can't win under such management that opposes and knifes its own leaders and saps and mines its own platforms.

The crooks in party power are against Bryan and the honest conservatives of the rank and file are afraid of him.

To whom will the conservative, politic Democrats turn?

To Folk.

He is a national figure. He represents big things done for good government. He is a popular hero ready-made. He comes from doubtful Missouri. He is a man Southern and Western. His watchword of civic honesty will make a good party cry.

Folk is not too radical. He doesn't quite "see" national ownership of railroads, and he doesn't think that State ownership was productive of anything but corruption when it was tried in Missouri.

Her platform is that the trust evil, the railroad evil, and monopoly evils generally can be reached simply by proper taxation to get the community value out of the privileges they represent. After that—honest execution of the laws against evil practices.

This is a not too drastic programme. It seems practicable. If necessary it can be followed to its ultimate logic to get the effect of public ownership of railroads and the proper regulation of monopolies.

Mr. Folk is modest in differing with Mr. Bryan. He isn't pushing his views too insistently. But he makes all the Democrats whom Mr. Bryan has scared look in his direction. They see him as anything but a new man. They see a man already idealized by millions of people everywhere, if not idolized as Mr. Bryan is. He is the man who has put boodlers in prison, who started the great anti-graft crusade that swept the country. He has done things. He has an issue. He is himself an issue.

Mr. Folk will look more available to many who shy at Socialism as each day goes by. His idea that we can "get" the trusts and control them by proper taxation methods and honest enforcement of laws looks to be the height of conservatism, as contrasted with what Mr. Bryan proposes. At the same time practical

radicals will see that his idea is not so terrible a compromise as it seems.

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Mr. Folk will be careful. He will not do to Mr. Bryan what Mr. Garfield did to Mr. Sherman in the 1880 Chicago convention. He will modestly assert himself—no more.

Mr. Bryan has done the logical thing. He has gone ahead of Mr. Roosevelt. He lives up to the logic of his past principles.

But he is no good to the Democratic party, as that party is conceived by the men who got up the demonstration for him in New York. He holds forth nothing upon which those politicians can raise money. He doesn't talk like a man from whom they could get offices, if he were elected,

He has spurned them all and done it with a spirit that commands the unqualified admiration of all men. He has cheered the radicals, but the cry of Socialism will scare the sheep-like people away from him.

Mr. Bryan can't get the nomination next time. The men who plotted to capture him and tie him up, have failed in their purpose; but they still have the machine. They won't nominate a man who will paralyze the East and North and South, with his public ownership policy or plan. Those who put up Parker in 1904 will again turn down Bryan.

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The MIRROR believes that in the light of all the facts of the situation, things will soon shape themselves so that Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk, of Missouri, can have the nomination in 1908—if he will take it.

The MIRROR believes that public ownership will come, but not via the Democratic party. It believes that nationalization of the railways and the coal mines and the oil fields is not inherently impracticable or undesirable.

The Mirror believes in the public ownership of public utilities—like railroads, and, possibly, in the ultimate, public ownership of some other things that have become mixed up with the railroads.

The MIRROR does not believe that Mr. Bryan is wholly wrong. It rejoices in his splendid courage; in his contempt for the plute gang that thought they "had him."

The Mirror believes, though, that the Democratic is still too much of a plutocratic party, as an organization, to stand for Mr. Bryan's principles or policies.

The MIRROR believes, therefore, that the party leaders, the machine men who want to win regardless of principles will turn from Mr. Bryan to a man who doesn't seem so radical as Mr. Bryan, but who will yet hold out some prospect of getting votes of radicals—some man like Mr. Folk of Missouri.

The MIRROR believes that, logically carried out, Mr. Folk's idea of taxing the railroads and other public service corporations and so-called monopolies so as to get out of them the value the public's needs create in those properties, will eventually accomplish the public ownership, or at least control of those concerns.

Progressive taxation of the community value in all great properties would eventually and practically nationalize them and honest administration of law would correct almost all other abuses.

Therefore, Mr. Folk is available as a man who can accomplish the Bryan purpose gradually, without economic disturbance or dislocation. As a nominee he wouldn't frighten off quite so many votes as a Socialistic bogey-man.

If the Democratic party is to be in the next election at all, it will be there with a compromise candidate and Folk looks like the best possible compromise.

Mr. Bryan's programme would split the party worse than it was split in 1896; worse than Mr. Parker's nomination split it in 1904.

Mr. Bryan is right in purpose, but vague and confused as to detail, in the Mirror's opinion; but his purpose and programme are not for the organization that calls itself the Democratic party. He is too extreme and too frank. The party doesn't want ideas—rather dislikes and distrusts them. It wants a vote-getter, any old how.

Mr. Folk is the man, with his programme of getting the public's interest in all public utilities, monopolies and trusts out of them by means of rigorous just taxation.

If Mr. Folk wants to play politics for the Democratic nomination in 1908, he can get it—easy, on his elastic programme that can, moderately applied, curb the railroads and trusts, or that applied a *l' outrance* can accomplish the full effect of public ownership.

The Democracy had lost this year's Congressional elections before Mr. Bryan's return. Mr. Bryan's utterances will render Democracy utterly hopeless in the Congressional elections in the North. The cry of Socialism will endanger the Democrats even in the South.

This certain defeat will be blamed on Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan will say that he doesn't talk to win, but to proclaim principle—that fidelity to truth is to be preferred to victory through deceit. That is noble, but it isn't politics.

With Bryan out and Folk, a Bryan without Socialistic taint, but with demonstrated ability to do things, and with Bryan ready to help Folk, the Missourian will be a cinch for the nomination.

And it will take Theodore Roosevelt himself to beat Folk in the election, for Folk wouldn't lose any Bryan votes and the conservatives know him for a careful, cautious man. Folk would poll the full strength of the party and Bryan would stump for him—in earnest, not perfunctorily as he did for Parker.

Folk has no enemies outside of the Missouri gangsters that he indicted, that he exposed when he couldn't indict, that did everything they could to prevent his election to the Governorship because he exposed boodle deals and wouldn't knuckle and truckle to them in their crooked politics.

The MIRROR thinks Gov. Folk is very, very likely to be the next Democratic nominee for President. The MIRROR also thinks that Theodore Roosevelt will be forced by his party, despite his protestations, to be a candidate against Folk.

And in the election there will be such a smash of both parties, such a shaking up of ideas that out of the chaos will come new party alignments in which all true democrats, whether Republicans or Democrats, will be on one side for radical reform, while all the believers in and beneficiaries of privilege and superior rights of wealth will be in a camp by themselves.

If Mr. Bryan is destined ever to be President, it is as the candidate of a new party that shall arise out of the radicalism of both the old parties, but it seems he is destined only to be a voice crying in the wilderness, a pioneer blazing the way for others, an idealist, distrusted while beloved, whose ideals can only be realized in actuality in the work and the personality of others.

AND still the silence of Grover Cleveland maintains its characteristic of prodigiosity.

Million Club "Sees the Cat" By W. M. R.

HE Million Club thinks high rents keep St.

Louis from having a million people. The

Million Club begins to "see the cat."

Rents are high in St. Louis—abominably, atrociously high. Everybody works, but the landlord. Everybody works for the landlord.

Every man that comes to St. Louis puts money in the landlord's pocket. Every building that goes up enriches every landlord. Mr. Landlord just skims the cream off the city. The cream is the result of the activities of the men microbes in the milk.

Tax the landlord by taxing the land values. Tax all the land value, because all that value is given by the presence here of the multitude and its activities. Tax nothing else. Then we'll see a two million city here.

Landlordism has driven more mills and factories out of St. Louis than the bridge arbitrary ever will drive out. Landlordism is the greatest parasitic institution of the world. It eats the life out of every community. It is the greatest trust on the planet—land monopoly.

Landlordism, speculation in land is a curse upon business, a blight upon life. It is responsible for the presence in the city of slums.

Tax the value of all land and all land will have to be used. It can't be held for a rise. It can't be made profitable in high rents. Those who have it will have to let go of it. It will have to be used.

Wipe out land speculation and there won't be any trouble in getting inhabitants to the number of two million people. There won't be any prohibitive prices on land for factories, or for dwellings. Rent won't be too high, when there'll be lots of land where-on to build dwellings. The rent won't have to pay the tax, because free land will be a relief from high rent.

Take the tax off all labor and its products. Take the tax off capital—land is not capital, you know—and the factories will come here on the jump.

The Million Club is getting near to a great truth. Landlordism is the bane of the city, State, Nation, the world, in fact. The land belongs to all the people. Those who engross it to private monopolistic control must pay for it to all the people. They must pay out of it the value that is given the land by the activities upon it or near it of all the people.

Landlordism lives off the labor of others exclusively. It is not productive to anyone but the landlord. It levies tribute on everyone who needs land to live or build or work on. It pre-empts sites and holds them. It strives to keep the people and their activities massed in certain sections so that such a massing shall make more demand for land in those sections.

Land speculation discourages land improvement. It makes the renters slaves of the landholders. Rents tend to prevent an increase of the number of landholders. They narrow the cinch.

If the Million Club wants to get a million people here let it urge the taxation of land values to the limit and the taxation of nothing else.

The members of the Million Club are on the trail of a great truth. Let them pursue it. Let them take for a guide on that trail the works of Henry George.

* * *

EVEN his spelling reform proclamation has not broken the spell that President Roosevelt has cast over his country.

Reflections

The Case of Kiely

N the 12th inst the Police Board will try the suspended Chief of Police, Matthew Kiely, All that the people ask is that the trial be In order that it shall be fair his judges, who are also his prosecutors, must take into consideration that the vices of this Board were the virtues of the former Board under which the Chief acted. Many of the things this Board charges against Kiely were simply acts under orders or in complete harmony with prevalent procedure under the former Board. It would be unjust to discharge Kiely for obeying the orders of his superiors. The police force is a military body, and to obey the orders of superiors is the first and almost only law in a military system.

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Poor old Republic! It hasn't editorialized to the extent of kalf a line on national ownership of railways. And it won't until Dave Francis gets back from Europe and figures out where everybody, including himself, is "at." 4. 4.

More and more the Republicans seem to be unable to get away from the compuls on of the necessity of renominating Theodore Rooseve't for President. All the talk of Root, of Shaw, of Taft, of Cannon is only talk. The popular mind is fixed on Roosevelt, and will not be deflected to those others for any time.

No More Squeamishness THE Czar has let out his terrible Trepoff. The action of the Russian bomb-throwers right at the palace doors forced this action. Dismissing the Duma forced the friends of freedom to the extremest activity in assassination. The way to stop the carnival of assassination is to hurry the reassemblage of the Duma, and then to listen to the demand of the Russian people for their natural rights under a constitutional government. The bomb is a cruel argument, but it is the only one left the Russians since the people's right of petition and protest and free speech has been denied and flouted. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." The Russians are obeying God. And it is only since we in America have been obsessed with the glamour of wealth and the sacredness of ill-gotten property and the idolatry of material success that we have grown squeamish in our attitude towards the men who hurl the bomb at oppressors that all may be free. We used not to disapprove of Cromwell, or of those who sent Louis XVI. to the guillotine. That was when we were more American. Now we are shocked that men, maddened by misery, destroy their tyrants. Russia, though, must be free, and will be free, even though the Czar be destroyed, and with him hordes of generals and grand dukes and other bureaucrats who flourish on the robbery of the masses.

4. 4.

WE may much admire President Roosevelt for all his good gifts, and still much wish that his son had not been present last Monday afternoon at the ringside in Goldfields, Nev. Theoretically, there may be some good in a prize fight, but absolutely there is no good in the atmosphere of the gang that gathers at a prize fight.

40.00

Gov. Folk, being about to commute the sentences of several convicted boodlers, it would be well for Circuit Attorney Sager to dismiss the case against Ellis Wainwright on the basis of the Court's action in

the case against Mr. Nicolaus indicted for an alleged joint act with Mr. Wainwright. Mr. Wainwright is entitled to justice, even if he is a rich man.

4. 4.

THE country awaits with breathless anxiety the views of Senator Tillman on the outcome of the Gans-Nelson debate at Goldfield last Monday.

40.00

SAMUEL GOMPERS says he has Mr. Littlefield beaten in Maine. Mr. John T. Hunt has Mr. George T. Neville, Democrat, beaten in the Eleventh Congressional District of Missouri.

4. 4

God and Shoes

REV. J. T. M. JOHNSTON, of this city, has written a book: "A Man With a Purpose." It is an apotheosis of Mr. Alanson D. Brown, one of our most distinguished shoe merchants, a millionaire, wholesale Crispin. It is a book that will repay reading. It gives an odd insight into a mind which Mr. Johnston, at least, thinks a great mind. It is full of the dicta of morality from successful men, from Festus J. Wade to President Roosevelt. If you want to find out the morality of success here is a vade mecum. If you are inclined to nice distinction you will find this morality smacking strongly of the sort of thing that made Samuel Smiles an immortal to the halfbaked, a morality a la Benjamin Franklin, of whom it might be said, as it was said of Machiavelli, that "he had about as good a heart as could be made out This morality of "A Man With a Purof brains." pose" is as utterly devoid of spirituality as a turnip is devoid of blood. Mr. A. D. Brown is on the most familiar terms with God. His is a most anthropomorphous God, a God who takes cognizance of bellyache from baked beans; a God with whom one can sit down and discuss price schedules and all the minutiæ of the shoe business. There never was anyone on quite such confidential terms with God as is Mr. Alanson D. Brown. It might be said that he is "God-intoxicated," as Spinoza said of the Jewish race, but that wouldn't be quite true, for God is with Mr. Brown inextricably mixed up at all times with the shoe business. We, of the MIRROR, have never seen a God who smelled quite so much of leather or was so successfully brought down to the dimension of an asset in an inventory. Still, it is Mr. Brown's God, not ours, and his God has certainly got Mr. Brown something. Strange to say, Mr. Brown has a sense of humor, and, judging from specimens of his prayers in this book, he gives his God credit for something of the same. If he be right, then there must be Omnipotent laughter through the vaults of heaven over this book, "A Man With a Purpose," which is circulating by the hundred thousand in all languages. Incidental to the representation of Mr. A. D. Brown as a close confidant of the Yahweh of the Jews, there is an almost rhapsodical description of the immensity of Mr. Brown's shoe factory, the growth of its output, the method of its administration and all that sort of thing. It is a supremely splendid business brochure, a magnificent "ad." It is informed and infused with a sort of materialism that is in tremendous contrast with the piety of its putative purpose, and the excellence of its maxims is as indisputable and as ungenerous as the dogmas of Russell Sage. We are glad to know just how Mr. A. D. Brown got to the top in the shoe business. We are pleased that he did it all along the most correct lines. We rejoice that his pastor so approves him as to write this book, "A Man With a Purpose." We have read the volume with interest. We were going to say we were edified in the reading, but that we can-

not say. We must confess that a God so scented with the sweet odors of the tannery is not to our taste, however He may be to that of Mr. Brown. Also we hate to think, as this book tends to make us think, that a man makes his God to his own likeness, There are many people round about these parts reading "A Man With a Purpose." We congratulate them on the delights they must experience in making the acquaintance of a shoe-making genius who has seized upon the Most High as a trade-mark for his business, and talks to Him with an abandon of familiarity which most of us would hesitate to adopt towards our chauffeur or our elevator boy.

St. Louis Democrats are trying to organize to nominate a city ticket for next November. Each faction is heroically struggling to get on the ticket exclusively the friends of the other faction. Defeat for the Democracy in St. Louis is a foregone conclu-4.4

40.00

Won't Wells look fine at the head of a Jefferson Club reception to Mr. Bryan, with Wells' action as to the Terminal situation ,and Mr. Bryan's views on railroad ownership in delirious juxtaposition?

Damning Oscar Deeper

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Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard has written "The Life of Oscar Wilde." Mr. Mitchell Kennerley of New York has published the book. The volume is an indecent exposure-of the mind of Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard. For the biographer sees in Wilde nothing but the criminal pervert-never the exquisite essayist, the fantastic playwright of unsurpassed wit, the teller of the most beautiful fairy tales, the subtlest of modern critics, the poet of "Theocritus," of "Requiescat," of "Ave Imperatrix." Sherard defends Wilde only to damn him the deeper. He blasphemes Wilde's mother-whom Wilde fondly loved. Sherard tells us nothing but twaddle even about Wilde's trial and downfall. He says Wilde went astray from the corrupting influences at Oxford, that he was degenerated by contact with the Greek and Latin classics, that he succumbed to debauchery. lust and gluttony after his success as a playwright. All of which makes one think of Wilde only as what the world wants to forget. Wilde, the man of genius, it to seek. Sherard evidently knows not that Wilde. He doesn't even know the Wilde that fascinates himthe Wilde that sinned so damnably, that posed so maniacally. Sherard only makes the diseased Wilde more sordid and drab. The biography is the most vicious book we have seen in a decade. One loathes the biographer more than the said biographer unconsciously tries to make one loathe the subject. The Wilde who wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" is utterly eclipsed by a being whom Sherard alone seems grovellingly to worship. Sherard can't even see the diseased pose of Wilde in "De Profundis." Nothing worse has happened to Wilde than this posthumous defence-except a former privately printed book by the same Sherard: "Oscar Wilde; the Memory of an Unhappy Friendship." This later "Life," abominable as it is, on every consideration, is tolerable, compared with the former effusion. If Sherard was Wilde's friend, as he claims, he is, in all he has written of Oscar, a dastard friend, for he has exaggerated all that is most nauseating in the man's career, and almost ignored all that was admirable in the literary work by the exquisite quality of which the unfortunate writer deserves to be remembered. That Mr. Mitchell Kennerley should publish such a book is an inexplicable mystery. It serves no

good end. It won't even sell in this country, where most of the people who do the reading have the sort of idea that is manifest in a disinclination even to tolerate the mention of Oscar Wilde's work in ordinary conversation. Still something may be forgiven Mr. Kennerley for that he has recently resurrected a novel by Edgar Saltus, entitled "Mary Magdalen," which exhibits Mr. Saltus as a stylist of the extremest sort, brilliantly, hectically, pragmatically, sensuously, nervously disporting his pen in the depiction of an intensely decadent version of the World's Greatest Tragedy. Mr. Saltus' motif is damnable enough, but his style precious, affected, rich in depravities, is something that many people do not know we possess in this country. The style of which Mr. Saltus stands as the supreme representative in America is the sort of thing that the learned enjoy for the richness of its corruption in the later Roman writings. It has a morbific charm, a fascination not to be resisted, but it is not for the many, even as the Saltusian version of the story of Mary of Magdala is not to be put in the hands of those who revolt at any attempt at artistic treatment by uninspired pens of any of the incidents of the Divine Passion.

4.4

THE big trust company failure in Phi'adelphia was accomplished through the utter failure of bank examiners to do their duties. The company's affairs had not been investigated in three years. President Hipple robbed the concern because the men sworn to protect the people's money neglected to do so. Examiners that do not examine, and directors that do not direct, are the ablest assistants to trust officers who are on plunder bent.

4.4

WHAT's the matter with the Globe-Democrat that it prints in its Sunday supplement, mostly read by children, alleged comic pictures in which the fun is based exclusively upon a wife's discovery of her husband in vapid and foolish infidelities with other women? What's the use of putting the youngsters wise in this fashion?

Four Speeds Ahead

THE Tenth Ward Improvement Association appears to have fallen upon deciduous days of late. Something has come upon the dynamic constituents of that organization that works for disintegration of its high potentiality. The erstwhile moribund Million Club has taken an unprecedented spurt, and in the language of Mr. Pope Toledo Turner, is at least "four speeds ahead." The Tenth Ward Improvement Association must not cease in its great work of locating the grounded circuits that play hob with our social and economic municipal machinery. It was with us before the Million Club was basely born of a midnight jag at the Tyrolean Alps. It was busy with many things ,and in its catholicity of activity in setting things aright it never approximated any such lunacy as the formulation of a programme of St. Louisans buying goods exclusively that are made in St. Louis. If every community in the country adopted this policy, what would become of commerce? How could such a policy be enforced or followed practically? Only by kicking the intestines out of the National Constitution and abolishing free trade between the States, and setting up tariffs against products from beyond our borders. The MIRROR believes in St. Louisans buying St. Louis goods, if those goods are the best and the cheapest. It favors the policy of inducing St. Louis manufacturers to make goods that are cheaper and better than those made elsewhere. But St. Louis goods for St. Louisans,

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Solid Gold Watches for Ladies, \$16.00 to \$400.00; set with Diamonds, \$40.00 to \$1,675.

OLID Gold—Open face Watch, hand carved—rose gold finish; set with brilliant diamond; fitted with our full jeweled guaranteed movement.

Price, \$98.

SOLID Gold, open face Watch, carved, rose finish; set with 2 uine rubies and 3 beautiful diam contains our full jeweled guara movement.

Price, \$1 Price, \$135.

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Lest We Forget WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.

The Slowest Laundry

WHY we have NO AGENTS is because the most linen brought to AGENTS is so DIRTY that we would not handle them with such garments as we launder. We only take work from private individuals who live at their homes or in hotels or clubs. Such linen is NEVER dirty, but slightly soiled or mussed. AGENCY linen is usually worn by people who must make two or three garments last them a whole week. The SLOWNESS of our laundry makes it not useful for any one who has not linen enough to last more than a WEEK.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,

(Corporation.)

312 and 3128 OLIVE STREET.

Not In a Trust.

independent of price or quality, or both, won't do as a matter of simple common sense. Why isn't such a doctrine good for the outside communities to which St. Louis designs and hopes to sell its products? The Million Club is "four speeds ahead" of right reason, and that's pretty near the economic bug house.

40.00

DEMOCRATS are dodging the Bryan issues. Bryan is logical. He progresses. The Democratic party doesn't understand Bryan. He is a man of principle, The Democratic party is only an appetite for officethat part of the party, at least, that organized the New York reception.

IF Mr. Bryan had ever studied the Single Tax he wouldn't have made the break, from the practical politics standpoint, of advocating out-and-out nationalization of the railroads. He would have seen what Folk sees plainly-that the way to get at the eradication of the great corporation evils of all kinds is by the enforcement of taxation laws that will get out of the great public service concerns the value that the public gives them.

AFTER all, it seems to Democrats like Sam Priest, Dave Francis, Bud Dozier, Rolla Wells, Ed. Goltra, and the other plutes, that Harry B. Hawes did a fine thing when he smashed Bryan's picture the night that the mayoralty was stolen from Meriwether for Rolla. 4.4

Dr. Saleeby stands by the trypsin cure for cancer, in the last issue of Harper's Weekly, and does it in a way that carries conviction that the discovery of Dr. Baird is more than an experimental hypothesis.

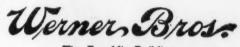
Preparatory and Preliminary

to our coming Fall exposition we have secured for every department of this magnificent shop the most modern and exclusively high class apparel for men and boys procurable from the acknowledged authentic Fashion centers of Europe and America, and will soon formally announce its initial display.

A CORRECTION

For the benefit of those who still entertain the erroneous impression that we intend to vacate our present quarters (on Olive street at Seventh) we again assert an emphatic "No."

For seven years we have remained here in the Republic Building and the original organizers of the business still conduct it: They will be pleased to welcome old friends and new ones as in former seasons and will give personal care and attention to every detail that shall still further strengthen the firm bond of mutual confidence that time and experience have so firmly established between our patrons and ourselves.



The Republic Building, On Olive Street at Seventh.

Any intelligent physician may apply the cure. There is no danger from the cure itself. There is strong evidence that application of trypsin in time will stop cancerous growth, and that it will give strong battle even in the most advanced stages of malignancy.

Hoke Smith and Tom Watson have carried Georgia against Clark Howell and Sam Spencer of the Southern Railway. Such is Hoke's reward for leaving the place in Cleveland's cabinet that was filled

by Dave Francis.

We mustn't lose that fine museum out in Forest Park, chiefly because we mustn't lose dear old Dr. WJ McGee with no points between his initials. Our affable and amiable anthropological friend, Dr. McGee, is a bigger man than Roosevelt, for Roosevelt only wants to improve spelling, while the Dr. abolishes punctuation.

* *

THIS summer we have heard nothing of the sea serpent. He has taken to the nether deeps, having doubtless heard of the slaughter in the magazines among the land octopi.

....

Nelson got the money; Gans the victory—on a foul—in the latest prize fight. It looks like a frame up on the wise sporting public again. The wise sporting public are the only profitable suckers to be skinned by the promoters of fakes.

* *

AUTOMOBILE races are not a success in the popular estimation, if none of the participants in the events is killed, or at least picturesquely mangled. It does

not pay to disappoint the people. Therefore there is always an arrangement at every meet that there shall be at least one small accident which the reporters can magnify ad libitum, and the spectators can gloat over in the papers after the event.

WILLIE HEARST and Willie Jerome are throwing dead cats at each other in a contest for the Governorship of New York. Both are Independents, with Democratic proclivities of a highly diluted sort. The Republicans see in the scrap a fine chance to carry the State.

MORAN, the man who put the lid on Boston, seems to have a cinch on the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. He has already been endorsed by the Prohibitionists. A Prohibitionist claiming to be a Democrat, and rejoicing in the name of Moran is surely a lusus naturae, to say nothing of a rara avis. But this is an annus mirabilis. Really there's nothing to fit the situation, but all these pickings from the butt end of the dictionary.

Tom Rowe, who liberated more boodlers than anybody in Missouri; the man who was Folk's most sagacious and sarcastic antagonist in all the trials; the siccant genius who saved the one big scalp that Joseph wanted to hang at his belt, runs for Congress in the Twelfth Missouri District. Can this be a penance imposed by Father McErlane?

Mrs. Newrich of New York—"Did you bathe during your recent visit to Atlantic City?" Mrs. Emerson Saltonstall of Boston—"No, I had intended to do so, but another lady was using the ocean." Life.

Kindly Caricatures

[72] Frederick Oakes Sylvester

A RTIST, poet, pedagogue—behold what things are done to him in the picture by Caricaturist Bloch. Mr. Frederick Oakes, Sylvester here seems higher even than the High School, where he teaches, and where is he as popular with the pupils as with his fellow teachers.

Really, Mr. Sylvester did not turn to Art because he had a grudge against Nature for doing those things to him which Bloch has fiendishly exaggerated. Not at all. Mr. Sylvester is more beautiful than he looks.

It was Mr. Sylvester who discovered the Mississippi His paintings of aspects of that river-artistically. stream are among the most interesting of those shown in the peripatetic expositions of the Society of Western Artists. He paints other things and paints them well, but into his studies of the moods of the mighty river he puts a great deal of breadth of feeling and his expression of it is accomplished in a nicety of treatment that is not inconsistent with a certain sweep of vision. Sometimes he catches glows upon banks and barges that remind you of Thaulow's use of color. Occasionally he masters the mist and haze in a way to recall the work of the chief of the impressionists. He can do things with the river front at St. Louis that make you think of Ziem's handling of Venice, and again he can take a stretch of the stream up country and interpret it with not a little of the tranquil grace that is so characteristic of the water-color landscapists of England. He can paint light and he can paint clouds and he can handle the subtle gradations of He has quite green in grass or yellow or red in clay. a charming big, free way of seeing things though his

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workmanship is careful and exact. In everything he paints, he poetizes.

But he isn't like Rosetti, who showed Whistler a painting and then on a later occasion read to Whistler a sonnet on the subject of the painting, whereupon said the Butterfly: "Frame the sonnet." When Mr. Sylvester writes verse he brings into play his painting. He makes word pictures by devices rather simple, though he writes mostly in the sonnet method as embodying the artist's love of form. He holds himself in leash, and yet he writes with a pronounced vigor. There is nothing of his apparent physical frailty in his production in either medium. Nor is there any trace of dilettanteism in his teaching. He goes at his work directly, with enthusiasm. He shakes up and stirs his pupils. His mind is not contracted by pedagogics, but is rather rebellious against the stupid conventionalities. His belief is in a free art and no fetters upon the soul of man in its effort to satite its hunger for beauty. As critic he can be savagely, ruthlessly helpful to a victim, yet at the same time he is not afraid of an honest enthusiasm of appreciation. For Sylvester is one of the best of good fellows and not the fossilized pedagogue as the teacher is conventionally conceived.

Some other artists in this city-and we have but four or five who have any license to talk about Sylvesfer-affect to think he would be a better artist if he were less of a poet. But they are wrong. His two gifts are supplemental to one another. paints rather more purposefully than he writes. His verses are rather more academic than his painting. They are word-pastels in which he endeavors to express ideas that are rather more didactic than those which lend themselves to elaboration in painting. His school work may possibly give his verse a little stiffness now and then, but in painting "God's great out-of-doors" it is the emancipated Sylvester that has sway and catches and gives to you his sense of the glory and sweetness of savor of the world.

Here is a poem he sent the writer on a gorgeous postal from Venice—a dark-red pasteboard with St. Mark's Lion on it in gold embossing:

VENEZIA.

Necklace of coral and mosaic, hung
Upon the breast of sweet Italia
Is sea-born, ocean-clasped Venezia.
Each palace is a pearl-like poem sung
By deathless bards; each bridge a jewel strung
With silvery threads of song; each church a star
Some artist held embosomed, caught from far
Off worlds of light, to glow yet more among
The myriad wonders of the strange lagoons.
Oh, church and bridge and palace, gems of art
Unique, swift praise and true I give, yet feel
More keenly deep the twilight and the moon's
Carcss change these to dreams to thrill my heart
As night's mysterious charms o'er Venice steal.

This is a painter's poem, yet a poet's poem, too. It has the very spirit in it of the Queen of the Adriatic. And he can paint the town even as he sings it, for he loves the effects there which have enthralled poets and painters for ages, for he loves the mystery of haze on water even as Whistler loved it on the Thames.

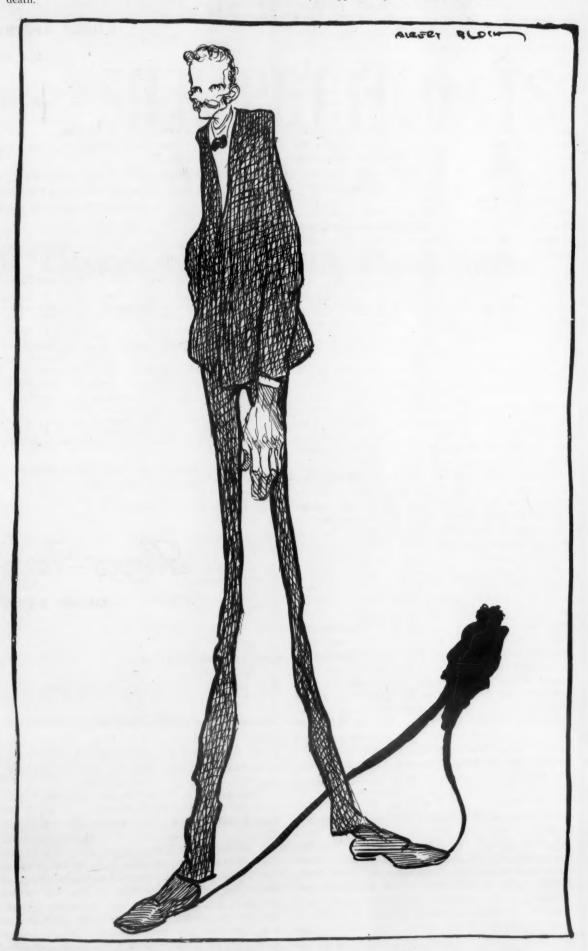
Mr. Sylvester is one of the men now alive in St. Louis—there are not many—whose work will be remembered when the city shall have acquired a literary and aesthetic history. He has done, and is doing, something for the appreciation of beauty. He has done and is doing it with modesty, without complaint of lack of appreciation. He may not be beautiful himself—as Bloch somewhat hyerbolically insists in his picture,—but he is the cause of beauty in the souls, the hearts of others and an influence for melioration in a community for long sadly given over to the concern for and worship of materialistic success.

The Pied Piper

S CHOOL opens this week. But the thousands that do not go to school, the little ones who are piped by the power of poverty and greed to the sweat-shops and factories—think of them. They are being led to stunted lives and despair and early death

There are laws to prevent and punish the employment of child labor in almost every State. Those laws should be enforced. The children should be sent to school. Above all, they should not be robbed of their youth.

Child labor is the greatest and most criminal anachronism in this great republic of freedom and equal opportunity—God save the mark!



Kindly Caricatures No. 72.

FREDERICK OAKES SYLVESTER

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jen:

C TRANGE tales are abroad in the land concerning some persons whom you and I know. They live in the neighboring village of Keokuk, though the man comes often enough to St. Louis, and has a very good social acquaintance here. He would be sure to have that, ducky, as he is very rich. And a bachelor from choice. Every girl in that neck o' woods has tried to catch him for ten years, and not a few St. Louis girls have done the same thing, but 'twas no earthly use. George--which ain't his name -was not to be caught with any such bait as has been persistently dangled in front of his eyes. Anyway, he didn't want to be caught. His sole aim, so far as our sex is concerned, has always been to give as little and get as much as he could. He owns a lot of mines in various parts of this State, and they bring He has a wonderfully fine house him big returns. in Keokuk, and makes that town his headquarters. The married women, not only there, but some here and in other places where he goes often on business, spoil him to the last limit, and he has the entree into a good many homes where he'd have been-well, probably cowhided down the front steps, if the head of the house knew all. As it is, he just flits about, sipping sweets where he may. You know that style of man, Jane? They're tolerably few, I am thankful to say, in St. Louis, and we certainly don't want to claim this man after this story has begun to loom up with all its dreadful details.

The girl you met more than once, for she went to Hosmer Hall to school, I think, about four or five years ago-she was quite young, lived in Keokuk, her family an excellent one, without much money, but in the best society. Last summer the rich bachelor began to pay her marked attentions. They drove together all the time in, first one stylish rig of his and then another. It was only an occasional afternoon drive or short evening one at first, but when the girl began going off on half day and all day country trips, the gossips talked, and asked her mother when the two were to be married, and some of said gossips went so far as to hint pretty boldly to mamma that the bachelor's reputation hardly fitted him for such intimate companionship with her daughter, especially if, as mamma said, they were not even engaged. After awhile the talk got worse, and then the two did announce their engagement. I think a veiled paragraph in a Keokuk paper probably hastened the announcement. The man got worried because he was being gossipped about, so they told everybody they were to be married last winter. This was all a year ago, mind you. That winter passed and nothing in the way of wedding bells and bride's cake appeared on the girl's horizon. Finally she left Keokuk and came down here to St. Louis, ostensibly to visit a married cousin somewhere down on the South Side-nobody, we either of us, have heard of. She stayed several months, and Keokuk got word that her engagement to the bachelor had been broken and that she had become engaged a second time to a St. Louis physician, name unknown. Then his name was given-he is not in our set, Jane-so it won't do you any chance good if I write it. Finally Keokuk learned that the girl was very ill here-this was now summer of this year, and she had been here since March or April. The girl died a week or two ago, Jane-supposedly at the cousin's home, and she was taken back to Keokuk to her parents' home to be The St. Louis doctor, her fiance, who had attended her professionally during her illness, went with the remains-apparently plunged in grief-sat with the family at the funeral and otherwise conducted himself as a stricken man. The bachelor, who did not happen to be in Keokuk at the time of the funeral, being called to New York on important

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Big and Little

THE exhibit means much to every mother in St. Louis. It is one of the major works of our house, this gathering of correct, practical Outer Clothing for girls.

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Russian Blouse Dresses, box-pleated front and back with emblem, black leather belt; red, blue and brown; sizes 4 to 18 years; price....\$5.00 and \$6.00

Red and Black Check Wool Guimpe Dresses, box-pleated effect with belt, trimmed in braid; 4 to 12 years\$6.75 to \$7.50

Misses' Wool Dresses in serge and cheviot, blouse and guimpe models, trimmed with fancy braid and lace; sizes 14 to 18 years; red, brown and blue; prices \$18.50 to \$27.50

Long Cheviot Coats, lined throughout, trimmed with braid; blue, brown and red; sizes 4 to 8 years........\$6.75
Long Cheviot Coats, military style, with black Astrachan collar and cuffs; sizes 4 to 8 years; red and blue. \$9.00
Children's and Misses' Double and Single Breasted Reefer and Three-Quarter Coats in plain and fancy Cheviots, Chinchilla, Scotch Plaids and Checks, lined and unlined, with and without emblem, hood and cape effect; in brown, blue, red, gray and tan; 4 to 18 years; prices from...........\$7.50 to \$27.50

Misses' and Children's Regulation Dresses in blue Serge; 4 to 8 years, \$13.50; 10 to 14 years......\$14.50



business, nevertheless, did not forget his old sweetheart, so the Keokuk people decided when they saw a cartload of flowers with his card ostentatiously

displayed among the "floral offerings."

This might be the end of the story, but it isn't. Only one or two people in Keokuk, and one or two here, know the causes that brought about the result. Those few will never tell. At least, they liked the girl well enough to keep still, and some of them fear the bachelor's power too much to chatter about so dire a matter in which he played the unenviable hero's part. To put the whole thing in a few sad words, my dear, the rich bachelor was not married to the girl, but he should have been, being the father of her child that was born here in a private hospital conducted by the alleged fiance doctor. The girl died and the child died. Then the doctor, having been reimbursed to almost an unlimited degree by

the bachelor, went up to Keokuk with her family, and for the sake of appearances, posed as the grief-stricken lover. Oh, yes, the girl's family know, and the bachelor's married sister knows. She lives here, and they do say that she has cut her brother dead, and refuses even to see or to hear from him again. Which is as it ought to be, Jane. If more women did that when such things come to light about men of social standing, there might be fewer roues in society right now.

Do you remember that awfully nice Louise Allen, whom I wrote you about last winter? She was here somewhere about the holidays visiting round among the Allen family connection—Mrs. Edward Robert, Mrs. Louis Chauvenet, and the George Allens—she is Russ. Allen's daughter, and they live in Pittsfield, Mass. Well, Jane, she is engaged to an Al-



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MONEYBAK Guaranteed Silk Petticoats

and Long Kid and Suede Gloves

Special Opening Sale Prices

Fact. We have them. Don't all come at once, but if you do we will try to wait on you. This is the result of a big trade made in Grenoble, France, some time ago, before prices went skyward. We could sell them back to the maker for more money, but that is not our object; we want them for our trade right here in St. Louis. So here goes-

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8-BUTTON	Suede Kid Gloves, real French, black and white—\$2.25 quality—in this sale\$1.5
12-BUTTON	Suede Kid Gloves, real French, black and white—\$3.00 quality—in this sale\$1.95
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bany, N. Y., man by the name of Henry Rogers, and there is quite a romance about it all. man has been awfully in love with Louise for several years, but she had turned her whole time and attention to an "objeck and a spear," Jane-that is the way with some of these upty-up highly cultured young college women, sometimes. They just give themselves dead loads of airs on the man question, talk large and fine about the noble work there is to do in life-as if cooking three square meals per day for one nice man oughtn't to be the noblest work of wimin-it certainly is the hardest. Whenever anything happens to Father, darling, and I am thrown on my own hands and feet, never will I take the cook's job; no, never, ducky, if I have to crochet tidies for a living. Well, Louise didn't share Ruby Fullerton Horton's and Julia Vilson Prewitt's views on marrying when you're right young and tender-so Louise would not say the gentleman yea, though he begged and besought and behaved the way most genteel but impatient lovers like to do. Louise had a mission, darling. It was to go to China and missionize, and surely what could be more laudable and more befitting the life of a college grad. and a general peacherino of a girl? So she took a course in missions at some Deaconess School for two whole and solid years, darling. Just think of that, and remember how much time you've frittered away on so-called vocal culchaw in that gay town of Paris-why, dearest, when Louise

got through her course in missions she could just missionize the entire human race, and do it up brown, too. She had her passage all engaged for the South Seas, and people had begun to give her remedies for lizards and centipedes, and all these nice little pets that abound in the home of foreign missionaries-why, darling, I knew a St. Louis girl long years ago who missioned in South Africa, after getting through her dead languages course at Vassar, and taking off all the Latin and Greek prizes, and when in due course of time she married another missionary, and their babies appeared, the kidlets never could play outdoor for fear of the snakes, and so, when they came back to the land of the free-which all right-minded people do occasionally-they behaved scandalously. Just tumbled on the grass all the time like little wild animals, and everybody said, "What a pity it is, those children are so badly raised," when it wasn't their fault that they had to belong to a missionary's family. Well, all this does not apply to Louise Allen, for oh Jane, fate intervened and Cupid lighted a torch for her feet-yes, dearest, I can't help being originally poetic, when I think what Louise has escaped-the man fell sick--not a leg off or a head-on collision or anything startling and harrowing like that, but some slow, lingerment like rheumatism, when you like to be read to and the soft touch of woman's hand; yes ducky, that's original, too-and so when Louise heard of it her Spartan missionary heart

melted like the Arctic snows in summer time-and she went and ministered to his wants, and they are to be married immediately, or as soon as that. Rogers is not a missionary, dearest. He lives in Albany. -2-

As if we hadn't enough Semple girls in this town already without Allen West going and getting engaged to another-she is Rebecca, by name -and she lives in Minneapolis, and is not even distantly related to the large and increasing family of three or four kinds of Semples here. They met only this summer when both were down at Bar Harbor visiting the Jimmie Drummonds-You know Mrs. Jimmie's home, before she was married, was in Minneapolis-and Allen clinched matters before the sad sea waves had time to cool off. is the only unmarried one in the West family, now that Carol has gone off-I somehow think his getting engaged will be a starter for the two McKittrick boys-they have kept society girls' souls on fire for so long now, and surely it isn't fair to torture us poor things further, is it dearest? But they say big, tender, rich Stacey Bray takes it awfully to heart that Allen West beat him to it.

I hear that Emma Haarstick Whittemore has new baby and that the Sam McCluneys may enjoy the same blessing, if they wait a short time.

Nobody much is home yet-a few scattering hus-

IT'S THE WASTE YOU CAN'T PREVENT.

A Penny's worth here and there that makes other fuels more expensive than Gas.



It's the kindling and coal you waste getting your fire to burning-That's lost.

It's the unused coal that keeps on burning after the meal is cooked, while the fire is dying -That's lost.

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Fourth.

It's the fuel that falls with the ashes when the fire is stirred-That's lost.

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bands-I saw Frank Hammar on the avenue yesterday, but Mrs. Frank is still in the New Hampshire woods. Mrs. Ashley D. Scott is still up at Weque, and so are the Delafield girls-bless their full moon faces. The Franklin Ridgeleys are tarrying in Boston, and the Mersmans are giving dinners, or anyway, a hand-out to their friends at Narragansett. Salees Kennard has gone on a dandy auto trip through parts of New England. Hope to gracious she is on the entertainment committee of the Woman's Club this year. Mother says she made the best they have ever had except, perhaps, Mrs. Norris Gregg. The Calhouns are back-and The Wednesday Club has gotten out its winter schedule, Jane-that ought to lighten the monotony of your life a bit, dearest. They expect to pursue the same lines of thought in the same thoughtful way-and Mrs. Robert Atkinson is somewhere on the Connecticut coast, thinking heavy thinks as to how she can keep the ball rolling. Dear Amelia Fruchte is to take the first shot, and Nell Niedringhaus and Sue Williams, the club babies, are to be given ample opportunity to air their knowledge on various important subjecks. I hope. to be let in this year. Mother thinks she can manage it in the art section. You don't have to be so awfully up on scientific plumbing, and how to deal with the domestic problem. Say, Jane, lean over

this way and let me ask you a whispered question in the deepest confidence-What in tarnation is the domestic problem anyhow? I say you don't have to know much-that is, so awfully much,-in the art section, so I'm going in with that crowd-if things come my way. So long.

The Literary Dramshop

By W. H. M.

LAS for ivy-crowned Bacchus, lover of youth and hilarity! So drunk was he with the sparkling memories of summers long gone by that he has been overtaken unawares and superseded. And whereas in old time over the door of even the humblest ale-house his image stood crowned, he has now been bound hand and foot, perhaps with white ribbons, and thrown in a dark dungeon, while in his place, over the massive doors of the great modern dram-shop stands the bonny image of a canny Scot, tipsy with the oppressing sense of his own praiseworthiness, leering patronizingly at the "acidulous vestals" and be-spectacled men who go in thereat. And the dram-shop is called a Public Library. Wearing the benign mask of benevolence it has thus far escaped the vigilance of the temperance societies, but

it is likely to prove all the more injurious because its influence is so insidious.

But the same three classes come to the new saloon, The small class of those who, temperately exercising the gift of choice, derive only benefit from the beverages; the second, and larger, class of occasional drinkers; and the third and largest class of those who guzzle indiscriminately, perhaps to shut out for a time the sordid ugliness of their own lives with glimpses of the unreal world of insipid romance, for but rarely do they taste the true vintage, or perhaps, with correspondence-school motives of self-improvement, meaning wage-increase, they hope to find in books the *open-sesame* to broader fields. The young blacksmith would become a successful ad-writer; the young farmer a postal clerk.

And oh! the green beer they guzzle, and who knows with what bilious after-effects! Great frothy steins of Corelli brew, or the exhilarating small beers of Indiana; much also of the non-intoxicating root and tonic beers of the sickly sentimental style; concocted of all imaginable slops, they are pleasing to some, being morally unimpeachable, with no offensive virility to sting one's self-complacency into self-examination. But perhaps the concoction most characteristic of the institution is the diluted classic; a few drops of the earlier vintage drowned in the none too crystalline effusions of some modern worthy, trying in vain to USE

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tit

Te sin ma Mi liar

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make wine without grapes. This beverage meets with the approval of most good people, especially half-baked school teachers, those indefatigable, self-constituted

conservators of common decency and sobriety. It is remarked that the bar-tender is abstemious; too much so in fact. To inquiries as to the relative merits of the miserable brews and execrable vintages the public demands, and gets, he shakes his head. It is assumed by his dear patrons that he knows little of literature, that he does not keep abreast of the times, or that he is a mere hireling clerk earning his bread in a mechanical, unfeeling way. But with a scorn, almost amounting to pity, born of long observance of the perverted, unwholesome taste of the public, he smiles and is silent. Would they understand if he told them that back of all the shelves where the popular are kept, might be found, if one would take the trouble to brush away the cob-webs, such a store of the ripe and noble vintage of Elizabethan sunshine, light French wines of exquisite bouquet, and strong and virile products of Germany and Italy, as would get the whole world divinely drunk with a beauty that is almost forgotten?

But he doesn't tell them. He has learned that the esoteric circle of literature is not entered by invitation. It is "seek and ye shall find." For good taste is not "taught by mail in twelve lessons," but is a quality born with the man, to be ripened and chastened by years of delicate choice and selection, until it enables him to perceive and enjoy the good and beautiful, even in the midst of a noisy, vulgar civilization.

But, to continue the parallel, just as the dram-shop is the degradation of the custom of drinking, in separating it from the home and family, so is the Public Library the degradation of the nobler art and custom of reading, for the same reason. For when there was wine in the cellar and books in the hall generous living was the result, but now when we must go where there is nothing but books, or wine, or stay at home where the chances are there is neither, the result is

The conclusion is that there is no adequate reason for Public Libraries. They do not make for culture, as is generally supposed, but on the contrary, they tend to destroy the basis of culture, by demoralizing the taste of the masses and fostering an ideal of selfcomplacent mediocrity. The pale, anaemic shop-girl may find in the popular books a weak and temporary anodyne for the dreary monotony of her slavery, but she will also find extenuation of the system that has robbed her of the healthy, natural joy of living, in the false hope held out to her of possible eventual escape from her condition. Poor physicians at best are those that offer palliatives instead of remedies, and worse still if the sufferer cannot tell the difference.

What would our benevolent associations and women's clubs think if some fame-greedy philanthropist, of doubtful honesty, should establish in our towns and cities free saloons where, with slight restrictions, a thirsty, though ignorant, public would be given whatever beverage it might prefer in almost unlimited quantities? And yet, because the crime is committed

in the name of literature and culture, we roll our eyes and prate of the unparalleled dissemination of the true and beautiful.

Love in Rags and Tatters

By Nora Chesson

OVE goes in rags and tatters That wore the sun and cloud, The rainbow for his girdle, the moon upon his wings;

Rain falls and nothing matters,

Wind blows and waxes loud,

Love fallen out of loving heeds no such little things.

Night frowns and no more flatters

With dreams as once of yore;

The day is open-eyed and cold at heart as any stone. Love goes in rags and tatters,

For he has spent his store,

And cast into an empty heart the riches of his own.

His dreams the rough wind scatters

As they were thistledown.

The empty heart he tried to fill is careless as a pool Whose waters have no bottom, but grey and still and cool.

Invite poor Love to plunge there and drown there for a fool.

Love goes in rags and tatters-

Love, will you starve or drown?

From the London Speaker.

Dramatic

Miss Rida Johnson Young's play, Brown of Harvard," which opened the Garrick season Sunday night just narrowly misses greatness. It has the genuine American college boy spirit and humor, but its likeness in construction to other college plays, makes it seem commonplace. Of course it isn't as funny and hasn't as many types as "The College Widow," but there is a splendid vein of humor in its lines. Henry Woodruff is a buoyant and interesting Brown, but doesn't exactly arouse admiration as the redoubtable oarsman he is supposed to be. Albert Perry's Gerald Thorne, however, seems to take a firmer grip upon the auditors. so does Miss Lolita Robertson, playing the part of his beloved sister.

The play remains another week.

A new company is breaking into "The Wizard of Oz" at the Olympic this week-nothing like the old one. The hay and the junk are there, but the "business" isn't. Still the show has attractions for those who haven't seen it before. George Stone and Fred Nice as the Scarecrow and Tin Woodman, succeed the clever Fred Stone and David Montgomery-that's all. Anna Wilks as Dorothy Gale, and Rosa Gore as the Lady Lunatic are much more in-Ethel Green as the Poet Laureate, sings several new songs admirably, and Miss Nellie Nice also uses a good voice to advantage. The chorus is O. K.

Fay Templeton in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" follows next week. ...

James O'Neill's revival of "Monte Cristo" at the Century this week finds it still a popular vehicle of entertainment to a large number of St. Louisans. And Mr. O'Neill in the leading role is still the whole show. others in the cast even approach him. The younger Mr. O'Neill, the veteran actor's son, also appears in the cast, and makes a good impression.

Next week the attraction will be Wilton Lackaye in "The Law and the

The Suburban season closes Saturday night. Walter Edwards, in the title role of "David Garrick," is the stellar attraction. Mr. Edwards gives his usual clean cut performance and is well supported.

"Phil. Sheridan's City Sports" are presenting a tip-top burlesque as the opener of their varied, specialty performance at the Gayety. Its title is "A Terrible Mix-Up." Deely and Austin, singers and dancers; La Vine and Alma, funny acrobats; the Hyde family; Mina Stanley, in vocal selections; Wiiliam Percival, jokesmith, and the Arizona troupe of jugglers and tumblers,

furnish the other features. Next week: "The Golden Crook" is to be the attraction.

opening sketch at the Standard this week, "A Night in Paris." The olio features are contributed by Gray and Graham, in a sketch; Deonzo and Mc-Donald, comedians; Murphy and Mc-Gee in comic Irish characterizations, and Zimmer the juggler. "Off to the Front" is the finish.

Next week the American Burlesquers will furnish the entertainment. ...

"Behind the Mask," the thriller at the Grand this week, threatens to make the juvenile courts work overtime if it survives. Train robberies, mine swindles and supernatural detective ability are its chief points. Miss Inez Forman is one of the few clever persons in the cast.

Next week the attraction will be "Peggy from Paris."

Arnold Baldwin, the phantom detective, in melodrama of that title at the Imperial this week, is almost heroic enough for a Police Board medal. He's "Johnny-on-the-spot" always, and a lion's den doesn't feaze him when it comes to rescuing the heroine. play is built around trap-doors, sliding panels and other stage appurtenances that lend deep mystery to the detective stunts. And there are good vocal numbers to quiet tense nerves.

Next week: "The Eye Witness." *

Miss Lucille Mulhall and her "Ranch Boys" in riding and other Wild Western exhibitions furnish the novelty at the Forest Park Highlands this week, Of course the Hawaiian band is still popular, and the vaudeville attractions in the pavilion, too. The Highlands' quartette, St. Louis singers, Messrs. Westhus, McConnell, Zaeglin and Bachman, furnish one of the many entertaining numbers.

Franko is giving admirable programmes at the Alps this week. His German programme Tuesday night was enjoyed by thousands. To-night (Thurs- day) he will honor, with a programme of the leading French masters, Lafayette's birthday. The Franco-American Society will be present in a body to receive the magnificent flag which was presented by the French Government. Next week Rainer's famous Tyrolean singers and dancers will come to the Alps positively for the last time. Rennie Pedersen, a pretty young singer, is pleasing with her delightful soprano * * *

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Politics in New York

New York, August 29, 1906. To the Editor of the Mirror:

I quite coincide with you in your view of the Bryan furore. I believe it was manufactured for the purpose of heading off the greater menace of Hearst and in the long run it can only injure Bryan's chances. The men who are steering it and who are permitting themselves to be led into it, are not real friends of his. His true backing has come from the radicals and if It should happen that Hearst wins in New York this fall, I am inclined to venture the prediction that he will get the nomination in 1908 in spite of this Bryan talk.

It may interest you to have an appraisal of the situation here from one who is upon the ground.

It does not seem possible for Jerome to get the Democratic nomination. Whatever matters the men who control the situation may differ about, they are agreed as to that. Further I am unable to detect any popular sentiment for Jerome. The general belief is that he has not "made good" and what is worse, that he has not seriously tried to do so. He has never been a Democrat in a party sense, nor does he profess any principles which have up to now been regarded as Democratic. The only question then before the convention would be that of his availability and with Mr. Hearst in the field as an independent candidate, no Democrat has a chance of success. The nomination, then, might come to him for the extraordinary reason that no one else could be got to take it, much as the nomination for Mayor went to Wm. M. Ivins last A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer, year after having been offered to nearly every one else, and having been unanimously declined.

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If Hearst should be nominated by Independents and Democrats, there is a general belief that he would be elected, although undoubtedly party lines would be broken to pieces and a large number of conservative Democrats would vote the Republican ticket no matter who his opponent might be; not enough, however, to offset the number of radical Republicans who would vote for him. This statement is borne out by the fact that last year fully 40 per cent of his vote in the mayoralty campaign came from men who are normally Republican. Of course the party lines may be expected to hold some men in a gubernatorial who kick over the traces in

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Regular Mat. Sat.

GEO. M. COHAN'S Musical Play

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Seats Thursday

CENTURY

James O'Neill

"Monte Cristo"

Regular Mat. Sat.

Wm. A. Brady WILTON LACKAYE

"The Law and The Man"

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a municipal campaign. If Hearst cannot get the Democratic nomination it is very improbable that he will ever be seated as Governor, even though he might get the votes. With the election machinery outside of the cities completely in the hands of the Republicans, (for the rural Democrats only exist by suffrance), enough votes can be counted up the State to make up for the losses below the Harlem River.

As to the Republican candidate, Hughes, may be nominated if they can get him to accept, which seems doubtful, especially as Republicans would conclude that they have a good chance to win if there is a three-cornered fight; in which event the party leaders would rather have some one else than Mr. It is quite possible in the Hughes. long run that the nomination might go to Wm. M. Ivins and thus we would have an almost unprecedented campaign of the contest for the Governorship resting wholly among New York City men, the three candidates being the three most picturesque figures in the last vear's municipal campaign.

A word as to the characteristics of the three men.

Jerome is an aristocrat "to the tips of the nails" but a good "mixer." He is absolutely without regard for the rights of citizens when those rights conflict in any way with his interests. He is a belligerent egotist financially honest, but capable of dishonesty of almost every other kind. Three years ago the papers were full of a story of his betrayal of an official of a civic organization who trusted him and was unwise enough to put the evidence in writing. He is neurotic, sensational and hysterical; his speeches are usually on the low plane which appeals to the multitude, full of slangy utterances and destitute of appeal to the principle. To say that he "plays to the gallery" would be to summarize him, but that he has a following among the reformers whom, understanding their nature, he habitually derides. They help to finance his campaign and to decorate his platforms.

In regard to Hearst-he is exclusive and retiring, but, according to the general belief, fundamentally Democratic. Very few people seem to know him. His enemies industriously circulate the story that he is not a man but a syndicate, that he buys his brains and that he is a menace to the well being of the community because of some opinions which he holds, which they do not speci-In a campaign like the present, when, owing to the new laws relating to election expenditures, funds are likely to be somewhat scanty, the fact that he can provide whatever he might find it necessary to spend for himself and his ticket, will be a large factor in the cam-

Of Mr. Hughes it is generally known that he is an excellent lawyer and was a very efficient professor in the law school. I have not heard any one who can speak with any certainty as to his views upon the dominant issues and from a casual inspection of him I should say that he was a man too careful of his statements to make an effective campaigner.

As a personality, Wm. M. Ivins is the most interesting of the quartette. He was Wm. R. Grace's campaign manager and afterwards City Chamberlain during his administration. He is a man more profoundly versed in all sorts of unrelated subjects than probably any other citizen of New York. From the busy shipyard of his brain was launched the mysterious craft known as Mme. Bla-He is reported to have written the constitutions of all the South American Republics, (If they do not live up to their constitutions it is not Mr. Ivins' fault), Counsel for the Rubber Trust and President of some of its most important branches, he is nevertheless an unflinching foe of public service monopolies. He has a highly developed sense of humor which manifests itself at unexpected moments and in disconcerting ways and he is currently reported to have resumed the pursuit of politics for the sake of his health (unlike most politicians), for having run and exhausted the gamut of all the stimulants, he needs the excitement of the public arena to accelerate his circulation to a point where life becomes worth Resurrected after nearly a quarter of a century of burial in the financial sarcophagus of Wall street, he edified the citizens of New York by a campaign, which if it did not seat him in the Mayoralty was nevertheless, artistically, a great succes d' estime. is ingenious, fearless and indomitable. Although he has probably no illusions left, he is an optimist of the futureand a cynical optimist is indeed a para-

From the above summary you will see that for such of our citizens as take an interest in politics, this election promises to be one of the most interesting that has been fought in twenty-five years. The outcome is still very much in doubt, but it seems certain that the people are determined to experiment with a larger measure of public management of public The Staten Island Ferry, which has been the most striking new departure in that connection-because the subway while municipally constructed is leased for so long a term that the public regards it as practically the property of the Belmont Company,-is giving, on the whole, general satisfaction and is making converts for the idea. A commission sent abroad by the Civic Federation to examine municipal enterprises in Great Britain and Ireland has returned and while it has not reported to the public, the impression gains ground that it will be more favorable to the development of municipal initative than even the friends of municipal ownership and operation hoped for at the time of its creation.

So this year, it will be a fight rather of ideas than of organizations. Incidents which inflame the public temper, like the attempt of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co., to collect two fares for a single trip with its concomitant brutality, are creating a fund of stored-up energy, which election day will unloose. Let us hope that it will not melt the bearings.

J. J. M.



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The Stock Market

Call money rose to 12 per cent a few days ago, the highest rate, for this time of the year, since 1896. Time-money is firm at 61/2 and 7 per cent. Banks are discriminating against industrial shares. They exact onerous rates on loans against that kind of collateral. The Bank of England has raised its price for gold bars. Large gold imports are probable. The above is a summary of the most important financial news of the past week. If we supplement it with the ominously low surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks, which are likely to vanish altogether at the end of this week, there is no hazard in drawing the conclusion that the monetary position in New York is serious enough to make even the most orthodox bull in Wall street somewhat dubious about the advisability of prolonging the upward movement in stocks. The New York banks are losing money right and left. Shipments to interior points are growing larger, and the crop-moving season has only fairly begun.

It is a perilous situation. No question about that. With call and time money rates where they are at this writing, every indication favors an exceedingly tight money market these fall months. There's not enough cash on hand simultaneously to finance crops, real estate booms, bull movements in Wall street, and the urgent requirements of an extraordinarily prosperous position in commerce and industry. The suspension of the Real Estate Trust Co. in Philadelphia caused a slight tremor in financial circles. Its various features and out-croppings were not relished. The recent bank failure in Chicago, which was likewise, in a measure, the outcome of the real-estate excitement, was another thing making for a slight modification of exuberant optimism. It is being recognized in conservative quarters that there has been entirely too much plunging in real estate all over the country and a dangerous complaisance on the part of some banks in the matter of accommodating speculative adventurers of the rawest type imaginable. long period of prosperity has begotten a fatuous spirit of optimism even among ordinarily staid and prudent bankers. Industrial and financial schemes are being fostered nowadays which would result in ruinous losses to its supporters in case of a prolonged period of monetary stringency.

Union Pacific common is being "bulled" for 200 and more. The haute finance clique which is rigging the course of this stock is working openly and defiantly, in the very face of a tight ening money market. This surely should bode no good. "After us the deluge," seems to be the countersign of these financial swashbucklers. A week ago, the daily transactions of the stock exchange mounted to about 2,000,000 They have since dropped to shares. 500,000 shares. What does such a sharp contraction suggest? An astounding number of "wash" sales, of matched or-If the investing and speculating in the Wall street market, the transac-

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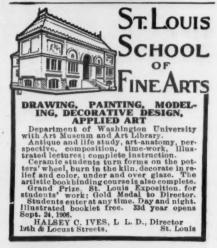
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tions would not show such a remarkable shrinkage. Thus it is perfectly evident that the strange antics of the stock market latterly were the outgrowth altogether of manipulative manœuvers, designed to inveigle the unsophisticated into alluringly laid traps. Investors of ordinary common sense do not climb over each other in efforts to buy stocks after a rise of from ten to forty points. There has been too much discounting of good things existing and prospective to warrant any sensible man in rushing into a wildly agitated bull market, where dividend paying shares are quoted at figures utterly disproprtionate to the rates paid for time-loans.

Let's keep cool these days. Pacific common, as a ten per cent stock, may be worth 225, as some say, but not at this time when there is a powerful pull for money all over the world. This discounting process has been pretty fast since the summer of 1904. States Steel common sold at 81/2 two years ago. It is now quoted at 463/4. This shows a very substantial addition to market value. St. Paul common has risen from 1331/4 to 177 after climbing to 1981/2 recently. Northwestern common has advanced from 153 to 212. Great Northern from 159 to 331, Louisville & Nashville from 95 to 150, Pennsylvania from 1103/4 to 143, New York Central from 1125% to 146, Union Pacific from 653/4 to 194. All these are pretty heavy gains, especially so when it is considered that some of the companies above mentioned have in the last two years made enormous additions to their capital stock.

Bulls on American Sugar Refining shares have been badly fooled. They had confidently looked for an increase in the dividend on the common, which is now 7 per cent per annum. But the public were much of a factor these days directors declared only the regular quarterly rate of 134 per cent. As a 7 per





cent stock. Sugar cannot be regarded as a bargain, but the bears are afraid to tackle it. They have a painfully vivid recollection of the fearful punishments they used to get in bygone days from the Havemeyer clique. It has been a rather dull market for these shares since

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H. C. TOWNSEND, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS

1899, when the price was rushed up to 182 on "Tom" Lawson's awful squeeze of unfortunate bears who had gone "short" at 140.

There has been nothing doing in Steel stocks in the past week. The common seems to have lost its attraction temporarily. It is considered sufficently high at 46¾ as a 2 per cent dividend payer. After a while, the price may be lifted further, if the money-market permits. The Trust's earnings continue on a bio scale, and hints at an increase in the dividend rate are plentiful. On the "dips," people who are not afraid of taking a good risk will be eager buyers of the common stock.

Atchison common is made much of in expectation of a raise in the dividend to 5 per cent per annum, with a possible extra payment of one-half per cent. The earnings of the company are large enough to permit of a 5 per cent rate. The prevailing price for the common discounts the expected raise quite amply. Baltimore & Ohio pays 6 per cent, and is selling at 118, and here is Atchison common, a would-be 5 per cent stock, already quoted at 107.

Larger dividends are also looked for in the cases of Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western. Any increased payments on these shares would add materially to the surplus available for dividends on Pennsylvania, The latter stock should, therefore, prove a tempting purchase on all good reactions.

Local Securities.

Price mutations, on the Fourth Street order on your Southern Pacific.

exchange, in the past week, were insignificant. Trading confined itself to a few issues. There's no snap to the market. The street railway shares are slightly lower. United Railways common sold at 47, and the preferred is 813/4 bid, 82 asked.

Simmons Hardware common found buyers at 122½ and 124. For Third National 307½ is asked, and Bank of Commerce is 321 bid, 322 asked, with inquiry very small. For Missouri-Lincoln 137½ is bid, 138½ asked.

Bank clearances, last week, amounted to \$46,910,250, which compares with \$46,-653,816 a year ago, for the same week. Money rates are firm at 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York dropped further. They are now 60 discount bid, 40 discount asked. Sterling exchange is very weak at \$4.83½. Berlin is 94.48 and Paris 5.205%.

Answers to Inquiries.

H. R.—Would not advise investment in Diamond Match. While the stock looks cheap as a 10 per cent dividendpayer, its surplus is of a fragile sort. Highest it ever sold at was 248 in 1896.

Subscriber, Des Moines, Ia,—Union Bag common never paid a dividend. Stock has little value except for a gamble. Speculators kept aloof of it ever since insiders began to feed it out shortly after its organization.

L. W. M.—Would recommend getting out of Pennsylvania, with a view to repurchase at a lower price. All indications favor a decline. Put a stoporder on your Southern Pacific.

New Books

A tip-top story of the destruction of San Francisco, embellished with many interesting sidelights, written by Charles Keeler, who was a witness to the various stages of the awe-inspiring spectacle, has just made its appearance from the press of Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco. There is no "fancy writin'" in this brochure, but it's done with care and literary common sense. The author reveals a thorough knowledge of what happened in those fateful days in Frisco, and he has added beauty as well as strength to the text by a series of the best half-tone illustrations showing the sequence of the disasters that befell the city. Price 75 cents per

A little story winning in its simplicity of style and incident—is "Gabriel and the Hour Book," one of the "Roses of St. Elizabeth Series," from the press of L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Evaleen Stein is the teller of this unique cameo-like tale which deals with the early days of book-making and decorating, old abbeys, monks and royalty. How the little color-grinder to Brother Stephen secured his father's freedom from prison through a self-wrought prayer he inserted in King Louis' gitt-book, is the principal material from which Miss Stein has fashioned her story.

Reginald Wright Kauffman's "Miss Frances Baird, Detective," (L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25), is far from a thrilling mystery tale, though lovers of such literature may endure it to the

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eventful last chapter, when the detective in skirts vanquishes and crushes her male rival. The story is lacking in speed and novelty, and is full of deductions that fall like the "blessed dew" upon the head of the lady sleuth, who, by the way, has the added interest of trying to-save the life of the man she loves, who is innocently accused of a brutal murder and robbery.

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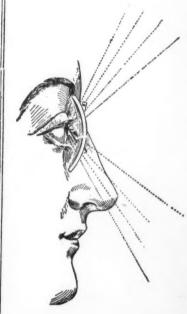
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ST. LOUIS

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS.

Cartoon: A Pillar of Society

. :
. 2-3
,
3-6
6-8
7
8-11
12-13
14-15

The Alternative to Bryan

By W. M. R.

R HEARST is not the only alternative to Mr. Bryan, presented to the Democracy in its search of a Presidential candidate.

There is Folk—almost as well known and even more universally approved than either.

No one can quibble with his platform. That platform is the Ten Commandments.

Machine politicians, tipped off by those of their stripe and tribe in Missouri, ignore Folk. They don't like him because he prosecuted the boodlers and exposed leaders in his own party. They don't like him because he enforces a Sunday law against saloons,

These reasons are just those which have made Folk as conspicuous a personage as Bryan or Hearst or even Roosevelt.

He would lose the boodle vote. He would lose the saloon vote. Even so. There are other votes in overwhelmingly preponderant majority that he would get just because he would not get the boodle, graft and saloon vote.

Some millions of good people wouldn't want anything better than that the saloon vote, as a solid vote of a special interest, should be everlastingly lost.

There's another cause why Folk, as a probability, is ignored. It is that he commuted the death sentence on a Union Labor hack-driver who, in Kansas City, killed a scab. Until the day Folk did that he was exploited extensively as "the coming man" in politics, in many great Eastern and Associated Press newspapers.

The day after Folk did that the New York Sun, leading the pack, turned upon the Governor of Missouri and denounced and ridiculed him. Since then Folk has been put in the background as by preconcerted and intelligently sustained effort in every paper in the land that is amenable to the influences which opponents of Union Labor may bring to bear upon the business offices thereof.

As to the justification for the pardon of the union hack-driver for killling a scab, that is not an issue here and now. The Governor is prepared, we presume, to defend his action, on the law, written and unwritten.

The fact is that Folk has been editorially smothered where once he was exalted, and that it appears that this is the result of concerted pressure, direct and indirect, upon the press by the country-wide membership of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance—the national union of employers of labor.

From St. Louis the local branch of the Alliance has sent out over the country as a point against Folk, that his police board has deposed a Chief of Police who was a highly efficient strike breaker, who "sweated" walking delegates and shoo-ed them out of town when they come to advise or lead their dissatisfied unionists.

There is no support for such an accusation as is implied in the conjunction of the facts as to the police chief asserted above.

Here we have the complete explanation of why the Folk talk in so many newspapers about a year ago was gradually toned down, until it practically disappeared altogether.

But the people at large haven't forgotten Folk, or what he has done, or who and what the persons and the influences are that have combined to deprive him of whatever benefit might accrue to him from the continuance of the publicity that had formerly been copiously granted him. The people know that Folk

is being smothered now in the interest of the noble brethren of the Missouri gang that Folk put all to the bad, as prosecutor first, and then as candidate.

Folk is a bigger man than Hearst, anyway you look at him. He's too big to be smothered as per programme. He comes readily to the mind of nine men out of ten as the alternative to Bryan. And as circumstances develop, he is modestly enough emerging as the only compromise between Bryan and Hearst—radical enough, not too radical; conservative enough, not a mossback, an old fogey, a fossil.

If the people of the Democratic party can be scared away from Bryan by the graft politicians, the public service corporations, the venal newspapers' yelping of "Socialism!" over Bryan's public ownership opinions—where will they go? If they stay Democratic they will go to Folk, since they can't go to Hearst, who is more extreme than Bryan.

There is nobody else to nominate, if Bryan has become as suddenly unsatisfactory as he was only recently indispensable and inevitable—nobody but Folk.

The Jerome talk in New York is idiotic. Je rome isn't the goods he professes to be. The people saw him funk and lay down when put up against the proposition of prosecuting the insurance thieves. There's Woodrow Wilson, maybe. Yes, backed by Pierpont Morgan's Harper publications. Fine—not.

Therefore, in the MIRROR'S opinion, the outlook for the Democracy is Bryan or Folk—with strong considerations of expediency militating against the former.

If it be neither Bryan nor Folk for the Democrats, then—Theodore Roosevelt may be our next President by unanimous acclamation.

Smashing Lassies By W. M. R.

LOCAL ruffian, one night last week, threw a lighted cigar stump in the face of a girl solicitor of the Volunteers of America. Her face was burned. The next night she visited the saloon in which the brutality had been perpetrated and the same ruffian threw her out. She complained to the police; the man was arrested; the girl accompanied the man and an officer to a police station to prefer a charge. At the station railing the ruffian struck the girl in the face—in the presence of two or three policemen. The man was released. The police who witnessed this act should be dropped from the force—if the facts are as stated.

But a stop should be put to the visits of Salvation Army lassies, Volunteers of America cadets, and other women, young and old, who infest the saloons down town at night.

Saloons are not places for women to visit, however good their purpose in doing so. They are likely to see and hear things that can do their souls no good. They may be mistreated by irresponsible men in liquor.

Moreover, the number of women soliciting alms for religious purposes in saloons, and the number of institutions and organizations they profess to represent have increased to such an extent that observing people have come to harbor the suspicion that some of the women are but the tools of false-pretending promoters of a petty graft. They are so many, they are a nuisance to people who don't like to be interrupted in their drinking, and this suspicion of a charitable or religious graft and fake prompts coarse men to say and do things that are not nice, when a woman is the objective of the words and acts.

The brute who abused the Volunteer girl should be punished. So should be the police who did not

lock him up for striking her in their presence. And hen soliciting by women in saloons should be forhidden. The money they get is too hardly won considering the chances they take in submitting themselves to the possibilities of hurt, physical and moral, in such an environment.

This spectacle of a thug "smashing" a "lassie" is not a sin covered by charity. And women collecting for fake "homes," etc., are in a vile business.

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Reflections

The Mirror's Position

HE "leaders" are against Bryan. The "leaders" are led by corporation strings. The "leaders" have control of the machine. They are also backed up by the big Democratic papers in the cities. This makes it probable that the "leaders" will be able to shelve Bryan because of his public ownership views. Undoubtedly a great many of the "people" follow these "leaders." The question is whether the people will turn out against the leaders, ignore the press and smash the machine, and insist on nominating Bryan. They may or they may not. Undoubtedly there is a tremendously increased radical strength in this country, but even while this is so, there is no doubt that there is a widespread repugnance to, contempt for and fear of "Socialism." This is because "Socialism" has been condemned by all the churches as immoral and atheistic, and by the press of both great parties as un-American. Socialism is none of these things. Indeed, Jesus Christ was a Socialist of a sort, and early Christianity was communistic in the extreme, and protection is Socialism run to a bad extreme, while Democracy's ultimate logic is Socialism. Nevertheless, the idea is deep rooted that Socialism is anarchy, free love, atheism and much more. The cry against Mr. Bryan on this score will tell heavily. It will possibly beat him. But public ownership of railroads will come. It is practicable, it is economical, it involves no domination by an office-holding class. It will come, whether through Bryan or another. The MIRROR is not against public ownership -though Mr. Bryan's plan be faulty. The MIRROR only says that the corporation leaders will probably be able to deceive the people, by misrepresenting Socialism, into consenting to the shelving of Bryan. The MIRROR believes the churches will be against Bryan solidly. The churches are great sticklers for the ideas of those who pay the preachers' salaries and invite them to dinner and take them traveling in palace cars, and pay their expenses to and through Europe. It is only from looking at the practical politics, not the principle, of Mr. Bryan's utterance, that the MIRROR believes he will eventually be found unavailable. The corporations will defeat Mr. Bryan by appealing to mistaken religious sentiment. Wealth has always had a knack of getting Religion to work for its most nefarious ends. When we have pharisaic piety and piracy, unco-guidness and greed working together, we may well believe that the object against which they pool their strength will go down -at least temporarily. The MIRROR, therefore, takes occasion to assert that it believes Mr. Bryan will probably be shelved solely because of a popular superstition, carefully nurtured by a capitalist propaganda, that Socialism is the Apocalyptic Whore of Babylon. It believes Gov. Folk will be taken up as opposed to Mr. Bryan, though Gov. Folk only ventures to doubt the wisdom of going so far as Mr. Bryan proposes to go, at this time. On principle, public

ownership is right. The practical immediate question

is whether such a programme is politic just now. A paper, for instance, may advocate public ownership when a party which is necessarily made up of men of many minds is constrained by the necessity of maintaining its homogeneity to modification of such a policy. The MIRROR believes in public ownership, but it believes that the majority of Democratic partisans does not so believe, and that this majority distrusts the level-headedness of those who hold such faith. Hence the thought that though all Democrats love Bryan, the man, most of them distrust Bryan, the public ownership advocate. We hope that this makes plain the MIRROR'S position.

W. J. B. and H. B. H.

Mr. Hawes had charge of Mr. Bryan's visit to St. Louis. Does Mr. Bryan remember his telegram to Bob Yost, when Mr. Hawes thought he was running for Governor, in which Mr. Bryan said he would take no part in the contest between candidates, but he had no hesitation in saying that of all the possible candidates for the nomination. Mr. Hawes should most certainly be defeated? Maybe Mr. Bryan put it stronger than that. That was shortly after Mr. Bryan had heard how Mr. Hawes had smashed Mr. Bryan's picture at the Jefferson Club to the accompaniment of a choice gush of expletives. Will Mr. Bryan furnish a copy of that telegram to Mr. Yost, who was Mr. Hawes' campaign secretary?

44

Mr. Bryan has had his St. Louis "ovation" as scheduled. The greatest honor paid him was when he was put in a carriage with Charles W. Knapp. It is not often the common people have a chance to ride with or even to see Charles W. Knapp, of the Repub-

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Relief from the Arbitrary

ONE of the first important matters brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission is the eighteen-year-old complaint of the City of Spokane, Wash., which, although hundreds of miles from the coast, pays a higher rate on shipments from the East than Seattle. The new Rate Commission which the State of Washington created last year has power to lower the rate from Seattle to Spokane-the imaginary "back haul"-but so long as the ra'lrords add this intra-State charge to the inter-State rate from Seattle to the East, the place can never stand on an equality with its coast neighbors. This is a case like unto that this city urges ag inst the Terminal Commission. People can ship goods from the West to East St. Louis at the same rate they pay for shipping to St. Louis, the haul across the river being absorbed. But to people shipping from the East to St. Louis there is an extra charge for the haul between East St. Louis and St. Louis. It seems to be up to the St. Louis merchants to bring such discrimination and many more kinds before the Interstate Commerce There's no hope of relief through Commission. Mayor Wells' Terminal Commission, and the Wells administration seems determined to strangle the free bridge project.

Not Quite Hell-Bent

MAINE has gone Republican by a decreased majority. The decrease is due to the fact that the cities voted against the prohibition policy. Also Union Labor voted against the re-election of Congressman Littlefield, but left him still with 2,500 majority in his district. There's no particular "line on" the election next November, to be deduced from the

Maine election. Failure to defeat Mr. Littlefield is a severe defeat for Mr. Gompers and his Federation of Labor. The people of a district don't like to have outsiders telling them what they must do in their local affairs,

SECRETARY SHAW is the stock gamblers' best friend. He lets them have the money whenever they want it. And it's not Shaw's own money, either, but ours.

"The Poisoners"

Some months ago the Mirror published quite a lengthy review of a poetic drama, "The Faithless Favorite," by Edwin M. Sauter, M. D., of St. Louis. That production, remarkable in its simulation of the Elizabethan manner, was duly appraised as possessing a force and something of fineness which puzzled the reviewer to determine whether it was not really a performance worthy of unstinted praise. It came very near the Elizabethan spirit at times, though it was deficient in the more airy imaginative touches of the great drama of those "spacious days." Now Dr. Sauter has published another drama, "The Poison-If the first recalled, say, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," the second suggests in a subdued way the sanguinary savagery of the drama of Webster and Kyd. It echoes remotely "The Duchess of Malfy," and like those plays, now known only in the collection of Dodsley, it has its origin and motive in the passions and traditions of that "accomplished and infamous Italy" from whose literature our most splendid drama drew some of its early and potent inspiration. It smacks of Boiardo, of Boccaccio, of Bandello, even a little of the contemptible Aretino and old Poggio. 'Tis a tale of lust and blood. It is a very maze of intrigue, of diabolic cunning, that rises into a sort of symphony in blood. Told in a language which at least attains to a resemblance of splendor and strength, it has as well a brutal directness that appals. Rich in quaint, obsolete locutions, and with a bitter cynic vein, the play does not lack passages of something like the real classic beauty of concentration on the immemorial theme of the apparent triumph of evil over good in this world. Nerfo, rich and old, strikes his young wife, Beatrice, who leaves the palace intent to procure poison with which to slav him. She secures the poison from a sort of witch, and returning, meets her rejected lover, Donatello, who declares his love and takes the poison from her. Meanwhile Cariola calls at Pieta, the witch's house and secures poison. Cariola is supposedly Nerfo's niece. Nerfo dies suddenly in his palace. Cariola accuses Beatrice, who is arrested. Giacomo, nephew of Nerfo, loved by the supposed niece, yet wishing to be rid of her, incites her to murder Pieta, that the latter may not tell of Cariola's having purchased poison. Cariola stabs Pieta's servant, and, running away, is herself stabbed from ambush by Giacomo. Meanwhile Donatello tries to seduce Beatrice, who repulses him. Giacomo calls on Pope Alexander VI: and adroitly plays on his prejudice against Beatrice's father to make sure that Beatrice shall be destroyed for the crime of Cariola. Donatello repents his attempt to seduce Beatrice, visits her in prison, disguised as a friar, is forgiven and then attempts to save her. But he cannot. He has .the vial of poison he had taken from her on her way home from Pieta's, and they die. Giacomo is seen at the end, in the epilogue, making a donation from Nerfo's hoard, to the church. All the scenes move swiftly. The action races to its climaxes. The language gushes in resonant phrases and odd words

rather flustrate the ear. The seduction scene is quite calorific and lucidly lascivious, without being blunt. In the trial of Beatrice the brutality of the inquisitionary method is "done" in a raw and rasping tone. The reconciliation scene is marked with some sweet tenderness. Chief of the defects of the play is that the heroine is too much of a sameness in speech with the other and coarser characters. She is not differentiated to our taste. One thinks naturally in such a connection of Desdemona, of Juliet. Alas, Beatrice has nothing of either. But the men are all virile, and Donatello is honestly human, too, in his repentant and expiative nobility after his lusting for the lady. And all the time they are all, as Walter Pater said of Shakespeare's English kings, "an eloquent lot." Dr. Sauter may not be an expert in portraying a woman, but he is the dear delight of the philologer for his resurrections of good, sapid words, and to the writer for his indubitably facile fictile skill in setting words in sequence. He has soaked himself in the old masters of language, though, I should say, not in the best masters of all, the translators of the King James version of the Bible. The author of this bombycinous tragedy, for such it might be called because of some analogies with saffron journalism, publishes his unique and interesting work at "The Sign of the Leech," 1331 North Seventh \$ \$

COLIN M. SELPH is the Democrat who will be nominated in the Twelfth Congressional District. This is rather Selphish of Col. Butler, and it looks awful good to Harry M. Coudrey, Republican nominee. 4. 4.

Journalists All We rise to remark that the injection of Irish blood into the Republic, by the appointment of Dan McAuliffe as managing and news editor, has been prolific of very noticeable improvements in the local and telegraph departments of the paper. There's more judgment, more selection, more finished work in those columns. Why doesn't the Republic get some editorial writers-and let them write. The Republic is, editorially, the poorest big city daily in the United States, not excepting the New York Herald and the Cincinnati Inquirer. What the Republic needs is about three editorials a day, and as many paragraphs from the pen of some man like John F. Magner, of the Star. It is said, by the way, that Mr. Bassford, of the Republic, is to go with John Schroers' gestating newspaper-the Times, I believe, he will call it-and run the paper under the general management of Mr. Walter B. Stevens, Secretary of the World's Fair. Mr. Joseph Graham, who was formerly managing editor of the Republic, is said to be booked for the editorship of the St. Louis end of the new national weekly to be put into the field by Erman J. Ridgway, to compete with Colliers and the Saturday Evening Postwhich surely sets a pace for the new publication. It is said that Mr. Harry B. Wandell, one of the best city editors this town has ever had, and with a wonderful nose, actually, and figuratively for news, will have an important desk in the office of E. G. Lewis' projected woman's daily. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, Ji., is out here working on the Post-Dispatch, learning the ropes, from basement to garret. He's a frank, handsome, modest, manly youngster, who doesn't put on airs in the town wherein his father rose from coach-driving and grave-digging to be the greatest living American journalist. Florence D. White, personal representative of Joseph Pulitzer, is in town on a regular supervisory visit to the P.-D. shop. Caspar Yost, the original and executively efficient news editor of the Globe-Democrat, is going to live in Cal-

ifornia. He will be succeeded by Mr. F. C. Collier, who used to write the side-lights on the G.-D., and has latterly been editor of a Topeka daily. There is, in fact, a general stir in newspaper offices here, and it may be-I said may-that there will be some raise in journalistic salaries. Newspaper salaries in St. Louis have long been a disgrace. They are not as good as they were twenty-five years ago, except, possibly, on the Post-Dispatch. It is time that the reporters should get better pay. When they do, they will give better work. Nowadays one never sees in a daily paper a piece of news written with the faintest pretense of style. Every literary quality of reporting has been sacrificed to mere legs. In the old days, when a reporter got an item, his work wasn't done. He had to write it, and he had to write it with a view to literary effect, and the writing counted for as much as the mere news. Ah, those days, when William Vincent Byars and Frank O'Neil and Walter Stevens and Tom Meek and John Jennings used to write things that people laughed, or cried, or thrilled over, and then cut them out and pasted in their scrap books! To-day you find such writing in but one paper in the United States, the best written paper on the planet, a paper for people of literary tastes and fine perceptions-the New York Sun. Would that the old days might return, when a paper would be more than a mere rag splattered with pictures and blotched with boxed type and written in the speech of the class in the second reader blent with the patois of the slums and

THE MIRROR salutes Mr. Wilton Lackaye, whose Jean Valjean is greater than his Svengali, who is a great interpretative genius, who resurrects for us the ache-ecstacy that came to us in youth on our first reading of Les Miserables. Alas that we have not more men-real men-on the stage, like Mr. Lackaye.

Somnolent Judge Kinsey

WHY doesn't Circuit Judge W. M. Kinsey decide the case of Dr. Simon against the Mayor? He has had the case under advisement since July one year ago. Is this a specimen of speedy justice? What's the matter with Circuit Judge Kinsey? Fifteen months is surely time enough in which to settle such points as are involved in the question of the Mayor's right to dismiss a Health Commissioner without proving charges against him. Will Circuit Judge Kinsey please wake up?

Confessions of a Monopolist If you want to catch on to "the great game" of getting rich quick and easy; if you would know the secret of getting things for nothing and having a whole community work for you without pay; if you want to catch the real esoteric inwardness of city politics and ascertain how to boss the bosses, read "The Confessions of a Monopolist," by Frederick C. Howe. (The Public Publishing Co., Chicago.) Here are the very guts of success laid bare. This book is worth ten thousand novels of politics like "Coniston" or any of the others, which may or may not be literature, but surely are not politics in the raw. Mr. Howe does a round unvarnished tale deliver, with no maudlin love motive, no long arm of coincidence, no climaxes. His book is the deadliest text book of practical politics that ever was printed. It is the story of the men of affairs in your own city, ward and precinct, of the successes who simply rob the community by taking toll of its life, its increase, its activities. It murders the fiction that the people

govern themselves, for it deals with things that you see, but do not heed, going on around you every day. It goes deeper than "The Jungle." It is the condensation of all the recent muck-raking and absolutely unexaggerated. Anyone can understand it. No one can refute it. It should open men's minds to the infamy of the methods of privilege, with startling light. It is the world of graft in microcosm, and told "as easy as an absey book." * *

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H. CLAY PIERCE is stripped of his splendor by Attorney General Hadley. Under each and all of his seventy-two suits of clothes he is just what he is -a law-breaker, a subpœna dodger, a business pimp for Rockefeller and Standard Oil. Clay soaked in Standard Oil is only mud, and not healthy mud at

Redistrict the Wards

THE City Charter of St. Louis provides explicitly that the wards of the city shall be redistricted every five years. They have not been redistricted since 1898. The idea of the charter is that the wards shall be as nearly as possible of equal voting strength. They There are nearly 7,500 voters in are not so now. the Twenty-eighth Ward; not more than 3,000 in some other wards. Such disparity gives certain wards too great strength in conventions. The Twenty-eighth Ward, for instance, is a ward of swells, and those swells represent the grafting interests, or sympathize with them. Therefore those swells have a heavier voting power than men in poorer wards, and that voting power in conventions helps to get men on tickets who will look after the interests in office. Revise the ward boundaries and equalize the voting strength in conventions between the big graft interests and the common people. Also a redistriction will break the grip on certain wards of graft committeemen. Slicing off a chunk of a ward here and there, or adding on a block or two, is the way to break up the machine of the petty ward boss. Redistriction has been ignored, in spite of the charter, for eight years. Why? Solely to keep the Cella-Adler-Tilles, race track, crap game, Harry Hawes, Rolla Wells, Bituminous Macadam, Joseph Pee Whyte gang in power in the local Democratic party. Split up the wards and give new men a chance to get on the City Committee. **

Does Mr. Bryan stand for the race-track and bucket-shop "leader" who received him in St. Louis? Does Bryan stand for Wells, who spewed him out and spat on him in 1896? Does Bryan stand for corporation lobbyists like Hawes, in Missouri, when he can't stand for Sullivan in Illinois?

Persimmons and Politics

SQUIRE PAYNE, the philosopher from 'Possum Fork, Camden County. Mo., is willing to bet one hundred coonskins that the Democrats will carry Missouri this fall. Unlike the city politicians, the Squire does not go much on the oratory of Mr. Bryan "bringing the boys out of the brush" to the voting precincts on election day. He has an entirely different criterion. He goes to the deep heart of Nature who never did betray the one who truly loves her. He has lived in Missouri seventy-two years, and he says that he has always observed that a big crop of persimmons is a forerunner of Democratic victory. In all his life, he avers, he never knew such a big crop as the present one. There may be something in this. A few months, at best, will tell.

But even if Squire Payne is mistaken, he need not etire into obscurity. All sorts of Democrats have been making predictions since the close of the Civil War, and even before it, that did not pan out. The Squire, it will be observed, is not so general in his predictions as some other Democrats. He confines himself to Missouri, where the party used to have a big advantage at the polls and where it would be in the same fix yet if it had kept the right kind of men at the head of the party. From long years of observation he believes that there are enough Democrats in the State to carry it, and he takes a big persimmon crop as an omen that the same men who voted the Democratic ticket four years ago will do so again in November. It would probably be useless to argue with the Squire. Like Mayor Wells, he "is sot in his way." The Squire is to be commended, however, for not falling into the ways of other Democrats and assuming that Mr. Bryan is going to "redeem Missouri." The persimmon crop will have just as much to do with the result in November as Mr. Bryan, for, outside of his alleged Socialistic declarations, Mr. Bryan is advocating practically the same doctrine that President Roosevelt has tried. with no little success, to put into effect. In the nominees the two parties have presented in this State, the Republicans have the better of it. John Kennish, the Republican nominee for the long term on the Supreme bench, is well known to be one of the best men in the State. He does not belong to any faction of any interest, save public interest. When he was a member of the State Senate the Republican party was owned by the corporations. The railroad lobby could poll practically every Republican vote in the General Assembly with the exception of John Kennish of Holt. The old bosses were mad enough to have exiled him. But presently the public learned something about John Kennish, and he has been a pretty big man in the State ever since. There is no suspicion that the Burlington Railroad wants him elected to the Supreme bench, or that any other anti-public interest in the State wants him, because everybody knows that he is a man who will do what he conscientiously believes to be right, and that he possesses a level head. Mr. Graves, the Democratic nominee for Judge of the Supreme Court for the short term, was taken from the staff of Missouri Pacific lawyers and appointed by Governor Folk to fill the vacancy occasioned by Judge Marshall, who resigned to accept a more lucrative position as attorney for the race track gamblers of St. Louis, and to resume among the gang his affectionately bestowed cognomen of "Billy." Judge Graves' opponent, Judge James T. Neville, of Springfield, is generally credited with being one of the best trial judges in the State, and is a very popular man. Of the party nominees for State Superintendent of Public Schools, neither the Democrat nor the Republican is an educator of any note. Both are good men personally, but neither appears to be conspicuously fit to hold such an exalted position in a State that has more than one million school children. And these are the men the people must choose between in Novem-The candidates for Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner cut no figure whatever. This office is a sinecure, and of no value to the public; or rather, it has been of no value, because its occupants have been the tools of the railroads, serving those concerns best by doing absolutely nothing. The Commissioners receive large salaries for attending to their private business. Their business has been to go fishing and junketing, and to work the roads. for passes for their friends. The Democrats are

depending upon Mr. Bryan to pull them through. And while they are lauding Bryan they are allowing the grafter and the gangster leaders to discredit Mr. Folk, but for whom there wouldn't be a faint trace of Democracy in the administration of Missouri affairs. The Republicans are depending upon their own exertions, good nominations and a rattling strong campaign. They are making most effective use of Attorney General Hadley's warfare on Standard Oil and his co-operation with Gov. Folk in suppressing race track lawlessness. Squire Payne is depending upon the persimmon crop for a Democratic victory. It looks like the Squire is running a cold trail, but with his eyes open, while the other Democrats are running it with their eyes closed. The persimmon crop needs a frost to ripen it, but Missouri Democracy struck a frost in 1894 and was frozen out. The Squire has this advantage, however: he does not want an office. If defeat overtakes his party, he can sit under the shade of his persimmon tree and still smoke his pipe in peace. The Democratic gang will gather in its cave of Adullam and lay the blame on Folk. But the people will know that if the Democrats lose the State again it will be because the party leaders fought, belittled, derided and insulted Folk because he exposed and punished political thievery.

Boom in New Orleans

BUILDING lots in the business district of New Orleans are booming. Why? The Chicago Public, which asks the question, answers it. Because it is expected that upon the opening of the canal New Orleans with its nearer proximity to this great water course, will become a great seaport. But why should that make a boom in New Orleans building lots? Because, if New Orleans does become a great seaport, its building sites must be availed of for business purposes. Hence the owners of these lots, with an eye to the growth of the city, are discounting the future by holding their property at values based upon expectations of growth. Already the prices of sites in the business district of New Orleans are so high that a very great growth must take place to enable their users to earn enough to pay interest on the price. This is not an isolated instance. It is typical of the effect of all improvement on the locations financially affected by it. Financial benefits tend to go to the forestallers of sites. Can't you "see the cat" herein?

Real Estate Booms

THERE has been a very heavy speculation in real estate all over the United States in the past year. Credit is tied up therein to the detriment of merchants and manufacturers. This real estate speculation has been steadily making for high rates for money. With this real estate speculation have prevailed high rents and high prices generally. The loans will soon begin falling due, and the speculators will begin to fail to come up to the scratch. There will be a perfect revel of foreclosures. And once again we shall have the inevitable consequence of heavy real estate speculation-hard times. A land craze is always a bad financial and commercial sign. It is a prolific source of fraud and crime in the conduct of large financial institutions-as much so as stock market or grain market or race-track gambling. All of which we see in the case of the smashed Real Estate Loan and Trust Co., of Philadelphia. Attempts to corner land in places where the people are supposed to need more land to live and work on

are attempts to get control of the lives of those who must so live and work. This is a crime. An end should be put to land speculation. It could be ended by taxing the land, as the source of all wealth, in such manner that it would not be profitable to men to buy land for the purpose of holding it out of use for a rise. If land were taxed to its full value it would have to be used. It could not lay idle: If land speculation were stopped there would be more land for everybody's use in legitimate production through labor. That is to say, there would be more real wealth produced, and crime would not be fostered by the efforts of men to make money by grabbing land and holding it until the public need therefore should force its price to such figures as to constitute a murderous exaction upon the energies and abilities of those who would use the land. Real estate speculation is simply a scheme to force men to pay big prices for the right to live upon land that has value only because of the presence about it of the people. The land of a country belongs to the people of that country. There is no title to it for any individual other than productive use of it. Those who hold land out of use or hold it to profit on the use by others are robbers of the people, since without effort of their own they realize upon values not created by themselves, but by the needs and activities of others. When land speculation goes too far it brings its own punishment in disaster. In its steadier, more common and accepted operation, its evils are ignored, or those evils are attributed to causes which are often themselves the effects of the wrong and falsity of land speculation. The engrossing and forestalling of land, sanctified by custom and tradition, the ownership of land held out to all men as one of the prime objects of effort and the surest sign of success-this it is that is at the foundation of all oppression; this it is that has its share in every abuse that is characteristic of organized society. But we do not see the vice and madness of land-hunger in all its ghastliness of effect until it is brought home to us in the crash of fortunes and the wreck of lives There is that follow upon all real estate booms. enough land for everybody. God meant that there should be. Men have spoiled the world by grabbing land and holding it to force others to pay for living or working upon it. They even grab, too, the water, the light and the air—for which the pre-emptors make their successors pay. The land was created for use. Men hold it against use. Therefore we have the great masses dispossessed; therefore we have trusts and monopolies anchored in land ownership; therefore we have slums in which the serfs of land ownership swarm and sweat; therefore we have rents up and wages down, and cost of living highwhen earth holds enough for all men, if they had but access to it.

4.4

Mr. Cawein's Nature Notes

"LIKE a pearl, dissolving in a goblet of golden wine, is the new moon in the drowning deeps of the sunset." That is one of the entries in Mr. Madison Cawein's book, "Nature Notes." It is typical, too. For the whole book is characterized by such fancies, as distinguished from thoughts. Mr. Cawein sees Nature with a keen eye, and he appreciates it with a poignancy of affection that is marvelous, but somehow he sees it always literarily. He is prolific in reminiscences of his mythology. There is a god, a satyr, a faun, a naiad behind every bush and tree. His is a truly pagan book, with a definite refinement in its atmosphere of wildness. Nature is sensed by

him artistically always. Now he writes in verse, now in prose, but the woods and fields are haunted for him with memories of what ways the ancients symbolized the spirit of the wild. Bird song, the lisp of waters, the gray pools at twilight, cloud shapes, star-crowned trees, the mystery of the moon-lit aisles, the charm of wild-flowers-all these things and more, things impalpable to sense, but existent in secondariness of suggestion, constitute his theme. And all are expressed with an exquisite delicacy and even chastity of speech, while now and then he luxuriates in rococo passages of gold and purple. In the main, though, the classic spell is upon him, and one catches the antique world's note of sadness in joy; yes, something, too, of an odd hardness that seems due to the absence of the feeling of immortality, which the ancients did not know. The book is delightful in its variety of tone. The detached verses are poems without names, impressionist work of the utmost clar-All the baser, more sordid world of man's sin and struggle is forgot. The open fairly envelopes and saturates one. The book is Thoreau highly poetized, but not philosophized at all. Moreover, there is none of the over-softness that one finds, for instance, in like work by, let us say, the Englishman, the late Richard Jefferies. One might almost say that these impressions remind one more of "Selborne" White touched with emotion than of aught else in literature. Mr. Cawein knows his botany and his entomology, too, and he dresses them in rarely fanciful colors, but mostly he sings a limpid "wood-note wild" of the delight of the heart through the eye and ear. And his prose chants, even as his verse, have a Theocritan savor without the objective essence of man as a part of the great scene. This book of Mr. Cawein's is full of descriptions in many keys of tone and color, and to one reader's thinking has but one defect-the last chapter, "Woman-or What," a Hoffmanesque sort of thing in which the poet is evidently only on a tour de force. No reader who loves Nature will ever leave this book far from his hand after once reading, for the seeing and the hearing in it are authentic, and the fancy through which the sense impressions are beautifully reflected and refracted is one which is modified, we may say, but not occluded, by a sound and strong culture. book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

*** MR. CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER is a large body. Ergo, he moves slowly, like a glacier, but this doesn't imply that he has cold feet on the bucket-shop proposition. The sharpers, advised by "Billy" Marshall and "Hank" Bond, their lawyers, took him in on the ground floor on that stipulation postponing quo warranto proceedings, but they will pull the floor from under him later and then he'll drop into the Cella.

4.4

It pays to support the Big Cinch on any and all propositions. The Republic has recently been given the advertising of the statements of the Associated Banks of St. Louis. The Globe-Democrat used to have a monopoly of that full page add about six times That's what the Globe-Democrat gets for daring to attack Rolla Wells and his gang.

* * * At the Garage. Boy-Mr. Smith is telephoning for his machine. Can you send it to him to-day? Head Man-Don't see how we can. Why, his machine is the only one around here fit to use!-Life.

Medical Student-What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon-Five hundred dollars. Medical Student-I mean, what did he have? Emnent Surgeon-Five hundred dollars.-Puck.

Jaccards Watches



¶Are celebrated for their accuracy and durability. They are perfect time pieces backed by a positive guarantee of 77 years' standing. Over 5,000 from which to make selections.

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We' hope you have had a delightful vacation and that you are much rested and refreshed -

Now Settle Down to solid laundry comfort for the winter by having us attend to your laundry regularly. The Excelsior Laundry's Care

-in selecting only the most desirable class of patrons insures you against the association of your linen with any that is either objectionable or more than slightly

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WAGON EVERYWHERE

PHONES

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Grand and Bell

Kindly Caricatures [73] John Schroers

EE that hump-to the left shoulder! See that smile that won't come off! See the peeping out resemblance to one David R. Francis in the tout ensemble! Well, all this is John Schroers-a hard name to pronounce properly after the third "small bot," and a hard man to place, generally. But he is our most conspicuous combination of the hustler and the salve-merchant and the energized embodiment of German disturbance.

John Schroers, be it said first, is a good fellow just as good as he was when he piled lumber in a North End yard thirty years ago, just as good as he was when he was a German newspaper reporter at the Four Courts twenty years ago. But he's too good to everybody. If he wasn't so good natured he might not make so much trouble.

He's so good natured he gets on all sides of a question, and when it comes to a final adjustment of himself he musses up the people from whom he has He is the very successful manager of the Westliche Post, a morning Republican paper; of the Anzeiger, an evening Democratic paper; of the Mississippi Blatter, a Mugwump Sunday paper. And

now, having built a new million dollar house for those sheets, he is planning an evening English paper that shall stand for everything that won't interfere with the advertising. He is our most multiple A handsome Saxon chap he is, too, and personality. he can out-blarney any man that ever thrilled to the strains of "The Wearing o' the Green."

So you see, there's more than a superficial, physical, physiognomical resemblance between Schroers and Dave Francis-a resemblance of which neither is boastfully proud.

Mr. Schroers is a member of the School Board. There he is always starting something sensational. When he gets it started he backs out of it, and when the scrap is over he is usually found smiling with the victors on the side exactly opposite to the one on which he started. And his own papers the next day don't forget to contain accounts showing that the School Board is nothing but a setting of brass for the flawless diamond, Schroers. People would get mad at any one else who acted that way, but they don't with Schroers: he gives them a smile, a pat on the shoulder, a jolly in a juicy dialect and passes along with his victims smiling after him.

Mr. Schroers has made of the papers he manages a great publication property—the greatest outside of

self : by hi of th of Ca sieger Westl Emil to the ificatio thinke

power



Kindly Caricatures No. 73.

JOHN SCHROERS

the Staats Zeitung of New York. He has made himself a business and social and political power—all by his hard work, his nerve, his flair for the center of the stage, his jolly. He married the daughter of Carl Daenzer, the great, grum editor of the Anzieger. Then he consolidated the Anzeiger with the Westliche Post that had been made by the great Dr. Emil Preetorius. Schroers put modern methods into the consolidation, translated Hearstism, with modifications, into German, and the great editors, the big thinkers who had made the old papers famous and powerful, were eclipsed and forgotten. Schroers got the money. Also he got into everything that would

publicize Schroers, that would put him in touch with the big fellows in business. But, Gott in Himmel, how he scandalized and paralyzed the staid, conservative, stolid, solid old German business elements.

There's no keeping Schroers out of any public movement, no suppressing him when he's in. He's always asking questions that irritate the men at the head. He's always springing a mild sensation, and then slipping out of the mix-up. He was that way as a World's Fair director. Always asserting himself in a way to make everybody expect he was going to put the main guys in a hole, always backing away after making a pass, yet always getting more placa-

tory consideration from the big smokes, always a little more water on Schroers' wheel, a little more prominence for Schroers. Schroers was at the front in every function and doing something. The other directors laughed at the way he fought himself in, even if they were sometimes piqued that he got them into a hole by inducing them to back him up in some roar which dwindled into a dove-like coo to woo a little more distinction for John. Nevertheless, he did the Fair a service often when he arose in the directors' meetings and asked for explanations or insisted on dissecting certain reports. He was certainly an itch to some of the men at the top, and



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The elegance and gracefulness of our superb gowns and costumes will appeal to the most fastidious dressers. Special showing this week of smart, stylish creations suitable for every occasion, in all the novelty effects and materials to be used this season—ranging in price from \$37.50 on up to \$175.00.

Throughout this week, aside from displaying the most exquisite novelties, we have planned a series of remarkable values, in which every woman visiting the store will be interested.

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, Washington Ave. and St. Charles Street.

and St. Charles Street.

they didn't hesitate to say so privately, though they were always nice as pie to Schroers, who had three German papers in which he could make things warm. Schroers got next to every celebrity the Fair managers entertained. But he wasn't only a fusser. He did a great deal of real work under a full head of Once he was steam, just as he does everywhere. president of the Mercantile Club, and actually galvanized that concern into life. He is undoubtedly an effective person, if somewhat precipitate and elu-He isn't afraid of hard work, like getting Indeed, he's great at getting subsubscriptions. Business men give, not for the cause, scriptions. but to be rid of John and his importunities.

While he has an overplus of policy in his composition, Schroers is, nevertheless, a strong character. During the great 1900 street car strike he took the side of the strikers, when doing so seemed likely to cost him a great deal of heavy advertising. triangular politics is due to the fact that he doesn't look on politics except to determine whether a certain policy is good for business. He professes to be a Democrat, and has a rather poorly hidden yearning to run for Mayor of this town some day. He will certainly have full play for his specialty when he gets to jollying the jollying politicians. at his best as everybody's friend, and when those who reckon him their friend in some affair find that he didn't quite mean what they thought he meant when he told them to go ahead-he flashes that smile on them and convinces them that he was with them most of the way, and indeed, best served them by getting on the other side.

Schroers is a genial and even a convivial fellow, who always knows when to stop, but for all that, he is much addicted to sentiment. He is never forgetful of old ties, and shares of his store or spoil with many he has passed in the struggle. great at digging up little misfortunes, to be alleviated, and he is strong on funeral-going, even to leading

the mourners for some one with whom he had not been on very good terms. Now and then he gets a lordly streak into his manner, but he comes down gracefully, like Mr. Crockett's coon, when he has to. That he is a first class ingratiator his all-around suc-He gets what he goes cess amply demonstrates. after-so what's the difference, even if some people do shrug their shoulders over his doings and sayings, as if to say: "Don't mind it; it's only Schroers." At least, he doesn't let himself be forgotten, and that's something when people sometimes are bent on forget-His thorough belief in himself, the way ting you. he patronizes everybody without offending anyone particularly, the omelette souffle effect of speech, which sounds so nice, and then is found containing nothing to lay hold on-these are qualities we don't usually like. But John Schroers makes us like them. It's all right for some folks to affect That's genius. to think that Schroers is light or foolish. He is foolish like a fox. He never deceives himself. He never does anything that puts him back.

So he's going to start an English evening daily, he says. It will represent himself, he says. Therefore it will be a paper that won't displease anyone who has any influence or wealth or social standing. It will be a paper that will spread the salve, and always cuddle close to "the cush." What that will get for Mr. Schroers we shall see. with the cash buy cheap. A paper can't depend on anything but the support of the people, and win.

Well, anyhow, John Schroers is a man who never He wants to make wants to do anyone any harm. everybody feel that he wants to do them some good and let it go at that. It's almost as good as actually doing the good. We love to be handed the salve, and we like it, though we know it's only salve. John Schroers is "on to" us, but a few of us are "on to" him, and we smile to see him "get away with" soothing "con" by sheer force of the art of affable audacity. Hoch der Schroers.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny Wren:

SEE that the young Amadee Reyburns have finished up their honeymooning and are back in town. Leastways Amadee is, for he scudded by the house yesterday in that monster blue car of his, looking perfectly immense, Jane. I do think he is the biggest man in town-and doing his own shov-So that means Florence is here, too. Society is having small spasms of wonderment about the Reyburns and what they're going to do this season. You know, for two years, when Florence, who was then Florence Kelly, came out to St. Louis from New York, she visited Grandma Morrison, and had all the prestige of Mrs. Don's social position, and was more fussed over than any girl who'd been seen in these 'ere diggins for a doggoned age. Then she met Amadee, who became madly in love at first sight, whatever that may be, but that's the story, anyhow, and now is prepared to spend the balance of her life with said gent at Number 13-ah! fateful number-Amadee, you know, hasn't any so-Hortense place. cial position at all-I mean that he never cared for the giddy whirl, and has kept assiduously out of it for His first wife, Julia Lee, was a very quiet little girl, and they led the quietest lives during the two years they were married. Julia was sick all the time, and so there were no dinners, no receps, and no nothing in that line, nor did they go anywhere. Amadee has never been very popular with the men. believe they think him sorter "near," as it were, But, by cracky, he'll have to shell out for Florence. now you mark my words. Florence knows he's got the coin, and as the daughter of Alfred Kelly, who is only well-to-do, and not a millionaire by any means, she is prepared to get busy with all that the Whether she can drag Amadee round coin can buy. with her to the usual stunts, which she likes very

much, I am sure, or whether she is going to settle down by the fireside, spend her time taking care of the little girl-you know Julia left a daughter-and they say Amadee just worships the child and lavishes everything on it-has two or three different kinds of nurses, and is more than generous where she is concerned, remains to be seen. Of course Mrs. Morrison will lead off with some doings for Florence this fall, and the other relatives-but let me see who are the other relatives-can't think for the The Carrs all live East now, and Mrs. life of me. Evermore Hope Norton or Mrs. Everett True Norton, or whatever her name is, any way, she was Lily Carr, officiated at the wedding in June, and seems to have buried the hatchet. They had a feud in that family for years-never knew the ins and outs, except that Lily Carr and her mother never seemed to hit it off with Mrs. Morrison-except both were right and both were wrong-but it's done and passed now, and they all met at the love feast when Florence and Amadee were married, and so that's the But we're all wondering if Florence can end on't. go it socially alone, and what she'll do. She's got a heap of sand and a very dashy way with her, and all the Reyburn money-it looks likely, doesn't it?

The town is still deserted. Streets empty of our crowd, I mean, and while the theaters opened with a blast of hot air, that is literally, my dear-the swells aren't back nor thinking of coming. The very hot and late summer is responsible I think. Next year Gardie McKnight and I are both going to join an Arctic exploration party, leaving St. Louis the first of May and returning anon. Oh, yes, we'll be chaperoned. Think the Ed. Goltras would just about do-they seems to have made such a howling success of chaperoning Bryan. By the by, before it slips my mind, be sure that you keep me informed on Robert Brookings' movements. He is motoring through France, and I saw by one of the papers the other day that Marian Lindsay is with his party. Is, or is that not suspicious—I mean auspicious. wouldn't it be the suitable thing all right. Why, Jane, they'd be the most stunning couple in townand a credit to the Million Club.

Which reminds me that dear H. Clay Pierce was arrested, Jane, just think of that, the other day. was never so shocked in my life as when father told us about it at dinner that night. Why, darling, what are all our set going to do if such common, ordinary people like sheriffs and deputies-I think that is what the creatures are called, who just haunted Mr. Pierce's house for days, ringing the front bell whenever, they felt like it, in exactly the same manner as the old clo' men, and insisting that Mr. Pierce was in when the butler said he was out. And he couldn't even go to the bank and clip coupons without being shadowed-isn't that an awful word, but it describes what I mean to say, dearest. And they tapped him on the shoulder,-those dreadful deputies-and said gruffly and significantly, "Come just like a common horse thief or somewith me." thing in the burgular line. And Mr. Pierce was by this time such a nervous wreck-think of the shock to one's system, ducky, to look out any window in his house-even the bathroom-and see deputies skipping round the flower beds and over that private frrigation lawn of his-just common persons, not in the Pierce set at all-think, I say, what a nervous chill he must have had-and how nobly he bore up under the dreadful ordeal and answered all nasty and personal questions without a flinch or a tremor, Jane. They even asked him how old he was, as if that had the leastest thing to do with selling oil or trusts or such stupid matters. There was positively no limit to their impertinence, and you'd a' thought the Attorney General who left his wife and a two-minute old baby to come down here and nag one of our most prominent citizens, Jane, might have been in better business walking the floor with the new baby, if nothInterior Decorations

N ECESSITY for nice distinctions arises when selections for home decoration are in contemplation.

Your home is the main teaching of your life-no amount of outside teaching can help forward the love of beauty and truth in form and in color one-half so much as the harmonious arrangement of the rooms in which you live.

We request the privilege of submitting color schemes with the proper combinations of wall papers, hangings and furniture.

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A designer who knows wi'l consult with you at your home, and if desired will show samples of decorative materials in the rooms where they are to be used.

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I blushed for him, but mebbe it was his ing else. wife's doings. She made him kiss the baby, and then said, "John-I guess his name's John,-"Missouri calls you. Go thence and make 'em sin no more down there." But listen, Jane, that's what the papers said she said, but I'll bet a brass button what she really did say was, "For heavens' sake, John, ain't we doing the best we can for Roosevelt without grilling Pierce this hot weather?" I know wimmin, Jane, and I never did believe half the death-bed repentance stories that people are said to occupy themselves with.

Jane, I'm simply crazy to know who the man is that is visiting at the Kehlors in Vandeventer place. I see him almost every afternoon as we go out to drive, long towards evening, and he just sits out in NATROX TOILET CREAM

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the side garden right so's you can see him from the street, and Jane, listen, darling, he never wears a collar, and in his shirt sleeves, too, though that ain't so awful as the collarless proposition. I have not yet discovered whether he has also followed the 'steemed example of one, Jerry Simpson, as you can't



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see his feet from the street, but he surely is an eccentric ornament on the aristocratic Kehlor lawn. I'll bet Jessie Kehlor Walsh doesn't know he's stopping at the house—Jessie and Dickson are still East. If she did she certain sure would have a duck fit.

Mrs. Fes. Wade and Florence are back from Yurrip, and say, darling, did I tell you they lost a lot of jewels and stuff in June before they sailed? Twas even so. And the other day they got 'em all back, including the toothbrush. Don't that show that our police force is waking up to the snuff-I mean the sanitol-Jane? But, land sakes-there's a heap o' difference between a Wade toothbrush and the common kind I use every day. Now, if I should telephone Mr. Hawes or Mr. Wells or Mr. Andrew Maroney, or even Mr. Edward Butler and tell them I'd lost my prophylactic by the route of the porch climber, do you think for one little minnit that the entire staff of sleuth hounds and private detectives would immediately get busy? Humph. Nixie. The Wade t. b. was silver-mounted and pearl-handled. Don't that beat all, Jane, how these millionaires can get things done, and the least things found, when they lose any of their private and personal belongings that are marked sterling? It makes me positively tarnished with envy.

Florence lost a bundle of notes from girls, too. And she got those back. Florence is too young for love letters, or, perhaps, Mary Ellen would have tried to make capital out of the letters. Mary Ellen was the criminal, Jane—she waited on table at the Wades, and she must have wanted a toothbrush pretty bad. She took a silver champagne stopper, also, and together with a pair of white kid gloves—not that there is any connection between the two, darling, for you

can drink champagne with or without gloves,—either is considered good form this season—only, as that ancient recipe for making rabbit pie says, "First catch your champagne."

Maybe my hearing isn't good, but I hear the Queen of the Veiled Prophet's ball is to be a young woman of Washington terrace.

Poor Col. Blees, of Macon, who used to treat us girls so sweet, with his dinners, his flowers, his favors of gold and jewels! He was found dead in the Southern Hotel where he used to stop when he came down from Macon. It looked much like he just got tired and concluded to quit. He had big philanthronic ideas, and he did heaps for his home town, in founding an academy and starting factories and all that. He was generous and he was clever. was always somewhat of a mystery-whence his money came, or some people said it was, and when his relatives sued him for a big sum they claimed he hadn't turned over to them, he just seems to have laid down and passed out. Well, if he killed himself, or if he didn't, he did lots of good in his day, and that I prefer to remember about him.

The daily papers gave Mrs. Ernest Boogher—she's a pretty thing, too, I tell you—the worst of it in their write-up of her suit for divorce. The little Dooley girl has had a hard time of it. But it was all supposed to be atoned for by the fact that it was a Boogher gave it to her, although the Boogher family, outside of Ernest, have been very good to her. Ernest didn't care for work. He belonged to the great superior race of men—see Charles Lamb's essay on "Borrowing." His wife was patient and sweet, with all his—well, his vagaries, his misrepresentations, his

flights from duns, his compromises with unveracity, his general inutility carried off with that "old family air," don't you know. There are others of the "old family" stripe who seem gracefully to carry off their graft along such lines in this town, who will some day "get theirs." Mrs. Boogher's folks, the Dooleys, appear to have supported her from the day she was married. Well Florence, of the dainty blond hair and the big blue eyes, isn't an old woman yet, by any means, and she has no children, and she will probably survive her separation from the Boogher boy. Still, there were, and there are, good Booghers of both sexes—as must be the case when we know that all of them have been good to Florence except the fellow who vowed at the altar to be so.

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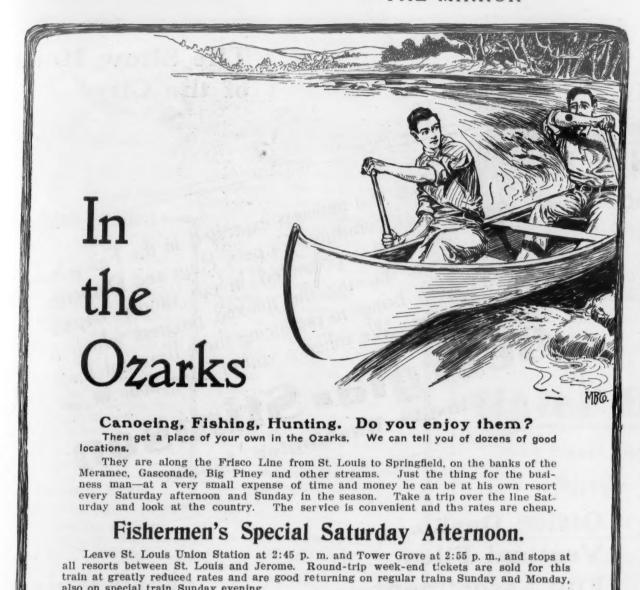
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The Doug. Cooks are selling their product all over Europe this summer-so you were right about seeing that very slender lady on the Bois-bless her dear heart-she is as jolly and gentle souled as can be, even if she does weigh some, and then some more. Mrs. Cook is a pretty woman, too, and to her credit be it that she always dresses well and doesn't call attention to her avoirdupois the way many fat women in the town do, by getting themselves up in huge polka dots and stripes that you can hear four blocks off. Carrie Preetorius and Eddie are also home. Saw 'em Sunday night driving on the magnificent new driveway of ours, Jane, Kingshighway, that is now landscape-gardened from Carondelet to the Chain o' Rocks, and bullyvarded to the last limit. I don't think. If the Street Commissioner don't get busy pretty soon out there I'll have him discharged and elect myself. Ever drive down on South Broadway, Jane? Of course you never did, being many miles away, but you won't, even when you come home, for



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you just most cant. Bub and I went down to call on the young Scullins, who are summering at the old Scullin mansion, and, 'pon honor, dearest, thought the mare wouldn't be able to pull us even in a light trap out of some of those holes and pits and caverns there are on that street. It is the worst I ever saw, and was just like that last summer, too. What it is in winter I shudder to think, except that none of us ever go down by carriage then. This town is just about owned by the United Railways Company, anyway. Autos and vehicles get scant courte-But some sweet day I'm going to make father invite Mr. Street Commissioner to dinner at our house, and then I'm going to drive him down South Broadway for a few minutes. He'll get a dose of the best liver tonic he ever heard of.

also on special train Sunday evening.

The Herman Bollmans' daughter, Edna, is to be married this week on Saturday to Frederick James Coyne. I hear he has some, too, which is nice for all parties most concerned. It will be a fresco wedding, at the family villa on the River des Peres, or mebbe it is the Merrymack, anyhow, the wedding will be out of doors, so that the bride can walk down among the roses-it is called Rose Ledge, except that there ain't any roses at this season, but the imported variety-and so that the wedding guests can ramble round on the green sward and find the festive

grasshopper and the energetic ant cosily tucked away in the chicken salad. Oh, how I love these out-door functions-like Sunday-school picnics and garden fetes, such as the Something-or-other Hospital had last spring on the Simmons lawn-when none of the Simmonses showed up, except the dog. And poor Helen Nicholson Moody died after two months' married. It was typhoid, and her groomsmen were the pall-bearers, and the Martin Shaughnessys have visited "points of interest" and are pointed this way now, and the Jack Leahys are doing New York, and Mrs John W. Loader is wearing one of those long trailing veils that sweep the sidewalk, so that means it's the correct thirg in East Aurora, where she spent the summer, and the John Corydon Moons -observe the Corydon, dearest, and do tell me who it was in mythology that spelled his front name the same way, or perhaps I'm mistaken and mean Corrugated, after all-strange, and again passing strange -but anyway, the Um-Um-Moons are touring Constantinople on a bicycle and expect to be home this month. We will try to worry along till then. And the Cy. Blankes are spending an agreeable season at the Auditorium Hotel-ain't that puffeckly elegant, though, such a change from the Union Club-and the prices so changed, too-my! it's nice to be rich! -and the Otto von Schraders are entertaining Charlie Allen and his wife down in Virginia-a house

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party-and some paper said, listen to this simple humor, Jane, that the George Hitchcocks had a "handsome little son of three weeks." Ain't that lovely? Did you ever see a three weeks' old baby? Well, I have, and you can't tell whether he has any features at all, at all. The Upty Ups are back and the Wood Bees are coming, and the Get Theres are expected, and the Also Rans may be late, after all. That's the last of me for this week, Jane. Affy yours,

BLUE JAY.

THE story is told in Boston of a discussion among the judges as to the choice of a stenographer. Most of them preferred a woman, but one objected.

"Now, why tlon't you want one?" asked Judge S. "You know they are generally more to be depended on than men."

"That may be all so," replied Judge B.; "but you know that in our cases we often have to be here very late. There are always watchmen and other guards in the corridors. Do you think it would be prudent to have a woman staying with any of the judges as late as might be necessary for a stenographer?"

"Why, what are you afraid of? Couldn't you holler?" questioned Judge S .- Lippincott's Magazine. * * *

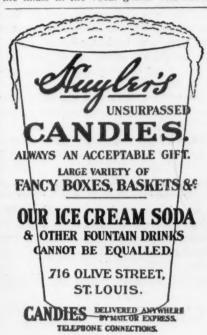
New York shopping undertaken; no commission charged to customers. Miss Mary Frances Boyce, 139 Madison Ave.

Dramatic

Wilton Lackave evidently didn't have any critical advice when he was writing or about to write "The Law and The Man." That perhaps accounts for the superb qualities of the actor-author's drama, which is showing to full houses at the Century this week. Mr. Lackaye always a capable actor, has never been considered in the role of playwright before, but now he commands attention. He has gone through the great Hugo novel and has plucked the best material. That he has chosen well from the dramatic point of view, seems assured by the enthusiasm of his audiences. The play is full of the spirit of "Les Miserables." Its Valjean is as fascinating as the Valjean of Hugo, though perhaps not always so impressively human. For a first production the piece is most acceptably presented. Mr. Lackaye lacks nothing in support. Melbourne MacDowell plays the role of the relentless Javert, the chief of police, with his customary verve. The part lends itself peculiarly to the artistic accessories of the tragic Mr. MacDowell. Miss Jeffries Lewis is a convincing Mme. Thenardier, little Mabel Waters is a startling Cosette and Miss Josephine Sherwood plays Fantine with genuine

Next week: "The Vanderbilt Cup," the automobile drama, with Elsie Janis in the stellar role, will be the attraction. 4.

Victor Moore, as the slang-slinging Kid O'Brien, and Fay Templeton as his sweetheart, Mary, are pretty near the whole Camembert in the new Cohan piece, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," playing for the first time in St. Louis at the Olympic this week. Moore makes the English language look like And Miss a last winter's doormat. Templeton is there as of vore with most of her winning ways, a ready smile and some of her voice-enough, at least, to cinch her magnetic spe'l on the audience. Louis R. Grisel plays the part of a butler, with delightful effect, and Donald R. Brian reveals some of the arts of an actor in the part of Tom Bennett, but will never quality for the finals in the vocal game. The show



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is a hodge-podge of cleverness, and much that defies classification. It's the best thing Cohan has done, but that isn't any megaphone talk.

Next week: Joe Weber's Company "Twiddle-Twaddle," with Marie Dressler and other well-known enter-

"Brown of Harvard," in its second week at the Garrick, is still attracting much attention from the theater-goers, and the college spirit of the play is thoroughly enjoyed. Aside from Mr. Woodruff, the star, Albert Perry and Miss Lolita Robertson, the others in the cast who are distinguishing themselves by sincere work, are Arthur Shaw, who plays the comedy part of Tubby Anderson, the student with the expanding appetite, and J. Heron Mil-

The next attraction will be Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl."

"Peggy from Paris," with a who'e bunch of clever people, who dance and do the comedy and other stunts capitally, has cantivated the Grand patrons. Arthur Deagon is still the leading comedian, and, if anything is more laughable than ever. Clever little Olivette Haynes, the miniature comedienne, as Sophie Blatt, has the originator of the



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gentleman was disturbed in his A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by someone knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked.
"A friend," was the answer.
"What do you want?"
"I want to stay here all night."
"All right, stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.—Judge.

When passing behind look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction. role, coppered. Eulalia Jensen makes an attractive appearance as Peggy. Nellie Minto as Vera Highsee, and Messrs. Gorman and Starkey as Franco-Americans are smart and effective.

Next week the bill will be "His Last Dollar," a new play.

They have to be acrobats as well as actors in "The Eye Witness" at the Imperial this week, in order to pull off the thrills that Lincoln J. Carter has improvised. There's a hair-raising rescue scene, a daring auto-loop-the-gap stunt on a jack-knife bridge, and a cyclone scene in the last act that is quite realistic. The acting is only ordinary, with the exception of the Irish character study of Miss St. George Hussey, which is done with a cleverness approaching the "real thing."

"Yon Yonson" comes next.

...

"Mixed Pickles," a musical traves y, is the piece de resistance of the American Burlesquers' show at the Standard this week. Will H. Ward, Jolly Zeb, Ed Zarrow, Gladys Clark and Mae Melville supply the fun and the vocal entertainment. Joe Goodwin, boy monologuist, Zeb and Zarrow in a skit, "A Night at the Club," Clark, Higgins and Bergman, Melville and Roller and the Breakaway Barlows in aerial feats, are the principals in the olio.

Next week: The Merry Makers will be the attraction.

"The Golden Crook" at the Gayety. furnishes a musical farce, two big scenic features out of the ordinary, and a vaudeville performance in which the chief features are presented by Stewart Desmond, the Ca'n siste s, the juggling Wheelers and Durham, Edwards and Heslin. Minnie Desmond cleverly fills the role of a husband-seeking maiden in the farce.

Fred Irwin's show comes next.

Next Sunday the season at Forest Park Highlands will come to a close. The Hawaiian Musicians will be there twice a day-2:30 and 8:30-in concerts until the end. They are giving a bang-up entertainment in the instrumental and vocal line.

That the Alps is to close forever on the night of September 22, will be regretted by all who have enjoyed the concerts and the attractions of this popular summer home of music. The remaining days and nights of the season will be made as appropriate and entertaining as a final farewell demands. The Tyroleans will sing all their native songs and Director Nahan Franko may be relied upon to introduce some novel variations in concert programs. Next Sunday the last afternoon concert will be given.

4 4 4 A car had stopped at a busy corner. Just as the conductor had reached to give the signal to start, there were yells of warning, and an answering yell from aboard. the outside.

the outside.
"Wait till I get my clothes on!" cried

shrill voice.
The passengers craned their necks and looked out. A small boy with a bas-

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Amateur Playwright—But I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen

the stage, you know?"-London Titbits.

Mrs. Newlywed-My dear, what interior decorations appeal to your

Mr. Newlywed—Beefsteak and onions.-Lippincott's Magazine.





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The Stock Market

The Secretary of the Treasury has once more to come to the rescue of the imperilled financial position in New York. He made announcement a few days ago that the gold-importing banks could draw upon the United States Treasury for funds to be held in the bank vaults until the arrival of the gold from Europe. Such Treasury funds the banks may use without having to pav a cent of interest to the Government. It will be remembered that Mr. Shaw resorted to this dubious trick before. Last spring, shortly before the San Francisco catastrophe, he also offered to facilitate gold imports fore the San Francisco catastrophe, he also offered to facilitate gold imports by lending Government funds free of interest to the borrower. A considerable amount of gold was then drawn from the other side. But the gold would have come anyway. The insurance losses incurred in the Pacific Coast disaster made gold imports on a large scale inevitable. However, Mr. Shaw proudly took all the credit for starting the inflow of gold hitherward to himself. About \$5,000,000 gold in all, has already been engaged on the current movement, with \$10,000,000 more in negotiation at this moment. London financial critics declare that the gold would have been sent to this side London financial critics declare that the gold would have been sent to this side within the near future, even if Mr. Shaw had pursued a laissez-faire policy. And in this they are right. Such a quack measure of finance as that of the Secretary of the Treasury does more harm than good. Besides, it is none of the Government's business to come to the succor of private hanks or stock of the Government's business to come to the succor of private banks or stock market cliques who find themselves in a hole. There was, and is, a perfectly feasible way of monetary relief,—extensive liquidation in the Wall street market. And that will have to be precipitated sooner or later. If we should secure, say, \$30,000,000 gold this fall, it would yet not be sufficient to prevent tight money rates. Moneto prevent tight money rates. Mone-tary stringency is practically unavoida-ble. It would seem that Mr. Shaw himself has a faint notion of this, since himself has a faint notion of this, since he took occasion lately to warn all interior national bank depositaries not to forward Treasury funds on deposit with them to New York, there to be lent out on call at beautiful rates of interest. Naive Mr. Shaw! How does he intend to trace disobedience to his orders. Money will always go where it is most valued. That's a financial axiom which is as old as the hills. Where's the interior banker who would keep available cash away from New York, if Wall street syndicates were to bid thirty and forty per cent for it, as they did in the past week? Mr. Shaw's relief measures are crude and crassly preposterous. They are absolutely out of place in an international monetary poplace in an international monetary po-sition such as we are at present confronted with.

The New York Associated Banks are now in the weakest position they have been in for twenty-five years. The surplus reserves were completely wiped out last Saturday, and displaced with a deficit of \$6,577,925, or the largest deficit, for this season; reported for any week since 1893. The banks' position is menacingly feeble. Never in the history of the Associated Banks was there such a big deficit in reserves at this early stage of the fall season. In response to the tightening of the screws interest rates have stiffened very materially. Time-loans cannot be had at less than 7 per cent. Many are contracted for at 8 and 9 per cent. These are rates that contain sinister warning. This stiff money market, if warning. This stiff money market, if it should continue for months to come, cannot but have a decidedly detrimental effect on general business.

The dearth of money in New York has precipitated heavy liquidation in



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The Alps Will Close Forever Saturday Night, September 22.



European markets, especially in gilt-edged securities. Consols and rentes are steadily receding. Russian bonds are sinking to the lowest level of two months ago. Money rates are rising in London and on the Continent. The Bank of England is expected shortly to raise its official rate of discount. It will have to, if it wishes to stop a dangerous outflow of gold to America. It goes almost without saying that the goes almost without saying that the gold importations represent merely fresh borrowing operations by Wall street bankers. We are not drawing on actual credits. London lets it be understood that it is about to cease making further advances to New York. The Bank of France is reported to have sat down hard on new propositions to divert French savings into American securities.* Berlin and Amsterdam are securities. Berlin and Amsterdam are about the only financial centers where about the only financial centers where there's still a disposition to make loans on our shares and bonds. But even there the situation is growing weaker. If we wish to procure additional capital in Europe, we will have to pay a good price for it.

But for the Harriman coup in Union and Southern Pacific, the monetary crisis would not have grown acute as early

sis would not have grown acute as early as this. The pyrotechnics in those two issues, and the tumultuous bull demonstration which was thereby provoked, proved a great strain on the banks' resources. These millionaire gamblers in Wall street will yet prove the undoing of the Nation's prosperity. the undoing of the Nation's prosperity. They are a constant, frowning menace. Their operations affect the fortunes every man, woman and child. This no sensational assertion; on the contrary, it is the bald truth. Men of the Harriman type can easily acquire untold riches; they are the greatest and untold riches; they are the greatest and surest beneficiaries of prosperity. As the London Economist declares, they are "loaded-dice merchants." The same eminent authority asserts that "the most recent buyers were not the American public at all, but the 'bosses,' market manipulators, wire-pullers, and even their vast financial resources sometimes bend beneath the strain of the weight they have to bear, especially now that they have to bear, especially now that insurance companies' funds cannot be 'commandeered' for market operations with quite the same amount of ease as

in days gone by."

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. issued a remarkably good annual statement the other day. The surplus for the year amounted to slightly more than 6 per cent on the \$45,000,000 stock. The stock was promptly put up on this good news. The present quotation for the shares may be said to discount the declaration of a dividend. The stock is said to be well held by people who have ample confidence in the property's future. On a good decline, purchases of it would seem commendable.

tire. On a good decline, purchases of it would seem commendable.

The Pennsylvania has sold \$40,000,000 of its \$51,000,000 Baltimore & Ohio and \$16,000,000 of its \$25,000,000 Norfolk & Western shares to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. This news has nonplussed the speculative community and even given speculative community and even given rise to talk that the Union Pacific was trying to obtain control of the B. & O. system. Among the knowing ones, the belief is strong that both stocks will figure conspicuously in future bull movements. movements.

Local Securities.

There is but little to chronicle in regard to proceedings on the Fourth Street exchange in the past week. Prices show hardly any change; in the majority of instances they are merely nominal. The bank and trust company shares remain dull and neglected. Bank of Commerce is 320 bid, 322 asked. Missouri-Lincoln is dull at 137 bid, 138 asked, and for Mississippi Valley 339½ is bid, with none offering. is bid, with none offering.
Street railway shares moved slug-



GUARDIAN

This company in acting as Guardian for children is not affected by sentiment nor influenced in any way by family differences, but carries out faithfully and to the letter, all of the instructions of the testator with the skill of judgment which experience only can

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gishly, with very few sales. United Railways preferred is slightly lower, being 80% bid, 81% asked, and the common is quoted at 46½ bid, 47½ asked. The 4 per cent bonds are 85½ bid, with

A lot of 10 shares of Central Coal & Coke common sold at 64¹/₄, and a few lots of Chicago Railway Equipment found buyers at 8½ and 8.15. The bond list shows no change worth not-

Banks report a heavy business, with large currency shipments to country customers. Rates for time and call loans are firm at 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are higher, being 15 discount bid, par asked. Sterling exchange is \$4.835%. Paris is 5.207%, and Berlin 04 0-16.

Answers to Inquiries.

Tapley, Newport, Ark.—Southern Pacific preferred convertible into common at par at holder's option. Redeemable before July, 1910, at company's option at 115. The common should be good purchase on all breaks purchase on all breaks.

Constant Reader.—Nothing attractive about New York Central at this time. Stock pays only 5 per cent. Louisville & Nashville has good chance to go considerably higher.

* * *

She purchased a beautiful trousseau.

Twas hasty and foo'ish to dousseau,

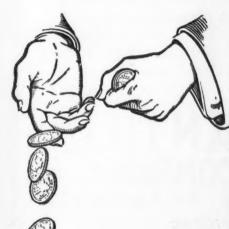
For the man she would wed

Has gone clear off his head.

That's why the poor maiden boo-hoos-

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-AT-

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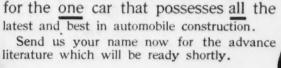
POPE-OIFDA 1907 1907

THE 1907 POPE-TOLEDO will be a sensation and a surprise to all Motordom. No one knows better than the man who drives another car that the Pope-Toledo is the acknowledged car of power, speed and endurance; that the man who owns a Pope-Toledo generally rides with a little more comfort, a little faster, and with less adjusting and at less upkeep expense. Pope-Toledo cars have not only led in power, speed, style and workmanship, but in the point of the number produced.

Our Type XII has more than held the matchless and unparalleled record of our cars which preceded it, and has proven itself entirely free from all the weaknesses and troubles that have ever beset the high-powered car. It is without question the leading car of America.

But notwithstanding the complete success and supremacy of Pope-Toledo cars in the past, new principles, new machinery, our long and successful experience, and above all, Chrome Nickel Steel, the best in the world, has wrought a complete revolution in our 1907 product.

Finally, the 1907 car itself, which has been running since June 15th, enables us to say at this time that the Pope-Toledo for 1907 will mark an epoch in the history of the industry, not only in America, but in the world. All we can say further now is that not a bolt, nut, screw or any one of some 5,000 parts is anything like any car we have ever produced. The engine, transmission, bearings, frame, wheels, axles, brakes, control, design—everything will be new and better. See the 1907 Pope-Toledo





Mississippi Valley Automobile Co. 3927 to 3935 Olive Street